

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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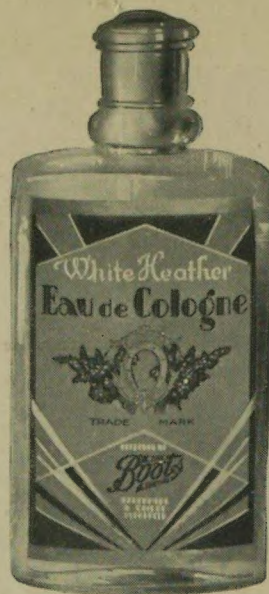
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1930.

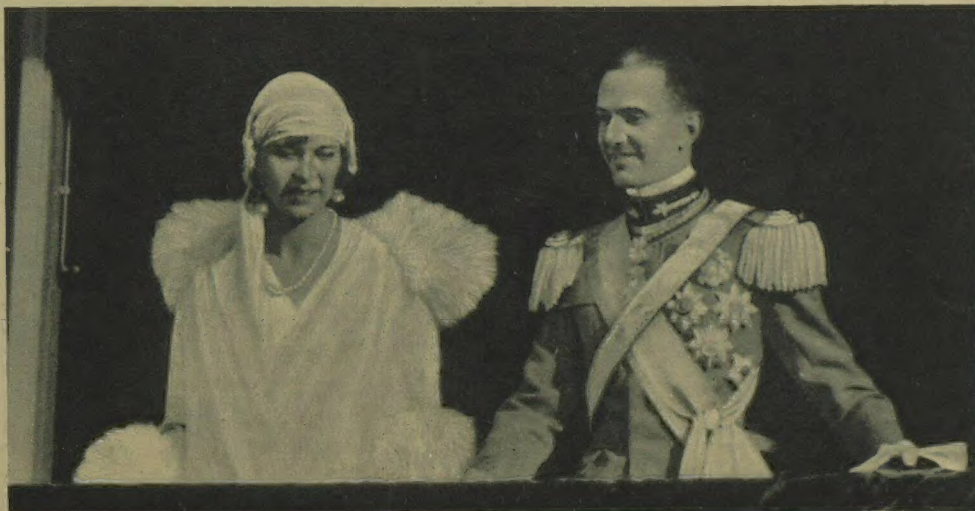
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THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM IN ROME: PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY
DRIVING TO THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL.

FOR her wedding to the Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne, Princess Marie José, only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, arrived in Rome on January 5. She had the warmest of welcomes from the capital, which acclaimed her not only as its future Queen, but as a Princess of great personal charm. In the progress from the station to the Palace of the Quirinal, the Princess—who sat by the side of her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Brabant, and was faced by Prince Humbert and by her younger brother, Prince Charles, the Count of Flanders—rode

[Continued opposite.]

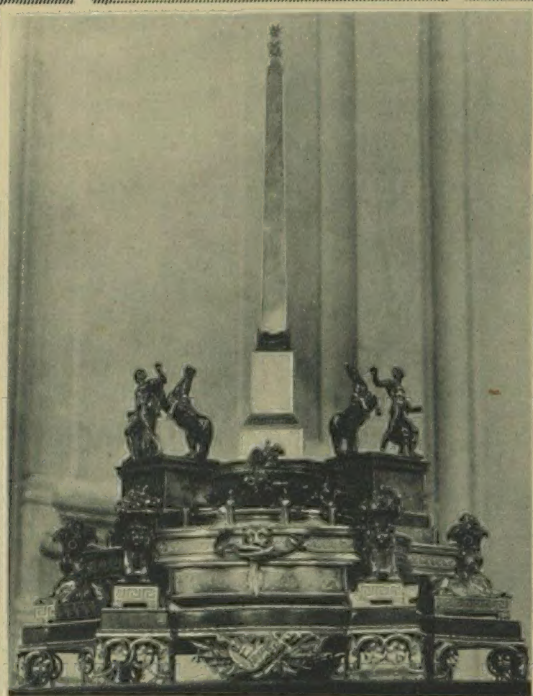


THE HAPPY COUPLE: PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM AND THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT
ON THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL.

in the third of the fifteen carriages of the procession. In the first were King Victor Emanuel and King Albert, the father of the bridegroom and the father of the bride; and in the second were Queen Elena and Queen Elizabeth, the mother of the bridegroom and the mother of the bride. All along the route, there was great cheering, and the colours of Italy and of Belgium were everywhere; nor would the big crowd disperse until the members of the two Royal Families had appeared on the balcony of the Palace and repeatedly bowed their acknowledgments.

THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT AND PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM.

GIFTS AND A TRIO OF ORNATE TRAINS : WEDDING PRESENTS AND STATE SPLENDOUR.



A GOLD-AND-SILVER MODEL OF THE "DIOSCURI" GROUP IN THE PIAZZA DEL QUIRINALE; PRESENTED BY THE ITALIAN SENATE.



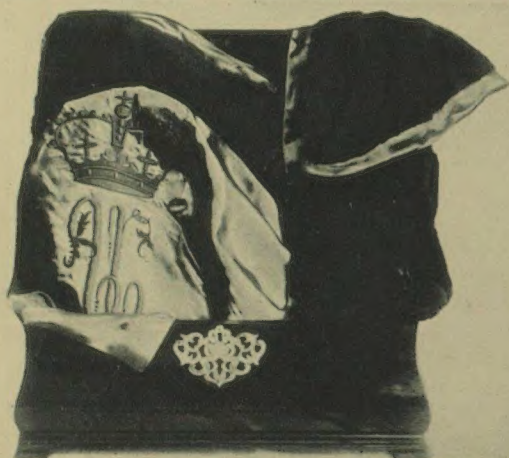
AN EMERALD RING FOR THE PRINCESS; BOUGHT WITH FUNDS SUBSCRIBED BY ITALIAN WELL-WISHERS.



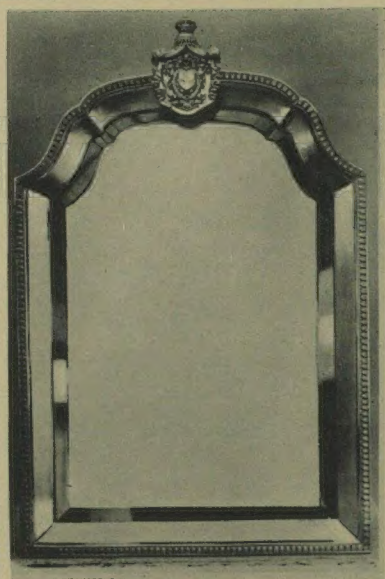
A GOLD CUP OF THE GEORGE III. PERIOD; PRESENTED BY THE BELGIAN COLONY IN LONDON AND MEMBERS OF THE ANGLO-BELGIAN UNION.



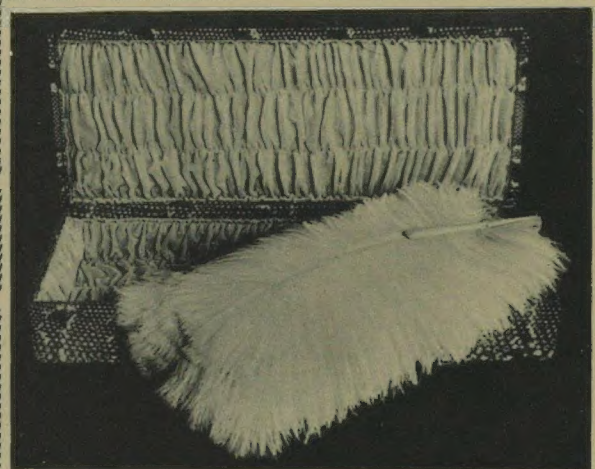
A FINE PIECE OF GOLD-WORK ON A MARBLE PEDESTAL; PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ BY THE CITY OF BRUSSELS.



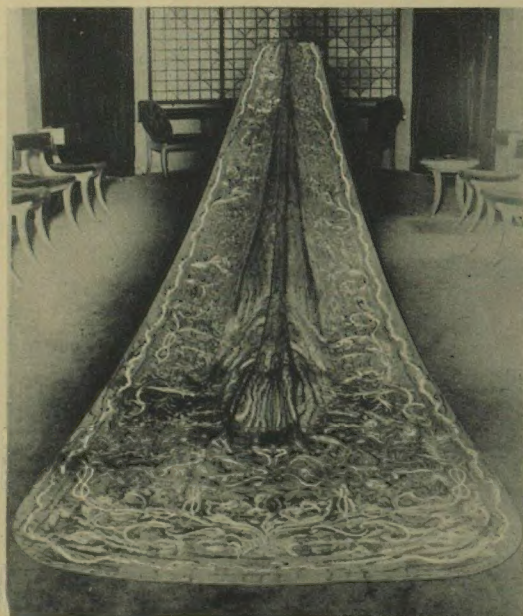
A MOTOR-RUG OF SIXTY HYDRAX-SKINS FROM EAST AFRICA, WORKED WITH CROWN AND MONOGRAM; GIVEN BY ITALIANS IN AFRICA TO PRINCE HUMBERT.



A SILVER MIRROR MADE BY BELGIAN CRAFTSMEN; ONE OF THE GIFTS TO PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ.



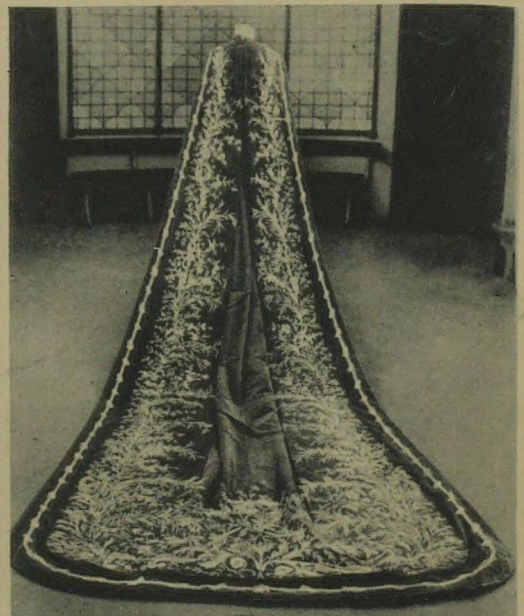
AN OSTRICH-FEATHER FAN, WITH IVORY HANDLE AND PLATINUM LOOP SET WITH DIAMONDS (IN A PYTHON-SKIN BOX); FROM ITALIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.



A TRAIN (A GIFT FROM PRINCE HUMBERT) OF SILVER AND GREEN MOIRÉ LAMÉ, ADORNED WITH GEMS AND WITH THE ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.



FIGURING IN PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ'S STATE TROUSSEAU: A TRAIN OF MAGNIFICENT LACE.



THE TRAIN OF ANOTHER OF THE SUPERB STATE DRESSES, MADE FOR PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ TO WEAR ON CEREMONIAL OCCASIONS DURING THE WEDDING FESTIVITIES.

It need hardly be said that the wedding presents of the Prince of Piedmont and Princess Marie José are what reporters used to call "numerous and costly." In addition, certain of them, at all events, are, or will become, historic. The most interesting of those we have illustrated is, perhaps, the Italian Senate's gift—a splendid reproduction in gold and silver of the "DioscURI" group in the Piazza del Quirinale, a piece, decorated with lapis lazuli, which was made by Coaccio, a seventeenth-century silversmith, possibly for Pope Pius VI. or for some princely

family. The Italian Government gave two silver candelabra of Empire style, cast in Florence at the beginning of the nineteenth century. King Victor Emanuel presented the Castle of Racconigi. The Fascist Party Directorate offered works of art including a fourteenth-century carving showing Antæus being crushed by Hercules. There were, also, a number of very practical charitable gifts. The Municipality of Rome, for instance, arranged to provide a thousand pairs of boots for poor school-children, and to redeem a number of pawned necessities.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE BRIDE'S GREAT WELCOME IN ROME.



THE PROGRESS FROM THE STATION TO THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL ON THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ AND HER FATHER AND MOTHER: THE KING OF ITALY AND THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



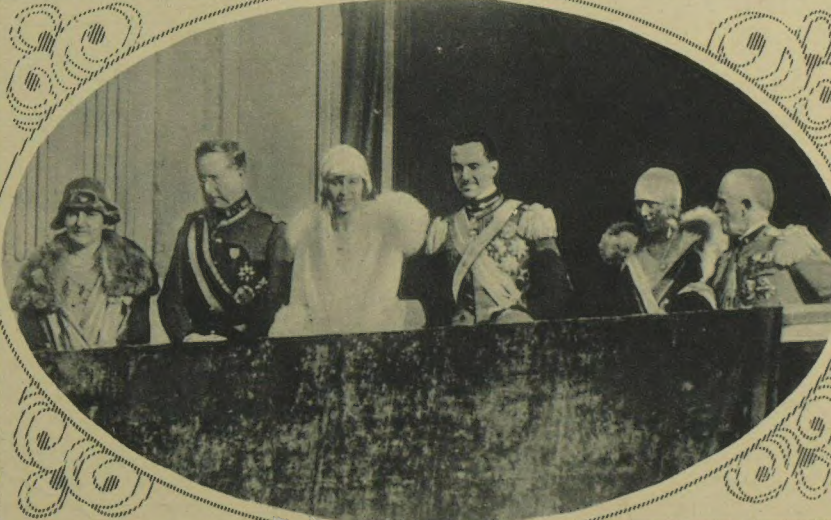
THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDE DURING THE PROGRESS TO THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL ON THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ: QUEEN ELENA AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.



THE SCENE IN THE PIAZZA DELL' ESEDRA (OR, DELLE TERME), WHERE PRINCE BONCOMPAGNI, GOVERNOR OF ROME, READ TO KING ALBERT A SHORT ADDRESS OF WELCOME: THE ROYAL CARRIAGES HALTED AT THE DAÏS, AND BEFORE THE FOUNTAIN OF THE NAIADS AND A TRIUMPHAL ARCH.



THE GREAT WELCOME ACCORDED BY THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL: MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN AND BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILIES BOW THEIR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FROM THE BALCONY.



ON THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE QUEEN OF ITALY, KING ALBERT, PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND THE KING OF ITALY.

As we note under our front page, the royal bride, Princess Marie José, only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, was accorded a great welcome on the occasion of her arrival in Rome, on January 5, for her wedding to Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, Crown Prince of Italy. There were fifteen carriages in the procession from the station to the Palace of the Quirinal. A photograph of the bride and bridegroom in theirs is given on our front page. A Triumphal Arch, bearing an inscription in Latin, had been erected at the entrance to the Piazza

Esedra; and on the other side of the fountain of the Naiads, Prince Boncompagni, the Governor of Rome, awaited on a daïs to read to King Albert an Address of welcome. The carriage with the two Kings was the only one which actually stopped at the daïs. The rest passed it as the band played the national anthems of Belgium and Italy. At the Palace of the Quirinal the crowd would not leave until the members of the two Royal Families had shown themselves upon the balcony and bowed their acknowledgments many times.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is impossible to make a list of the things that humanitarians do not know about humanity. On thousands of things the men who talk most of the common bond are ignorant of what is really common. Among a thousand of such things may be mentioned the instinct about the sacredness of sites. If there is one thing that men have proved again and again it is that, even when they furiously burn down a temple, they like to put another on top of it. They do not, generally speaking, want to worship St. George except on the very spot where they once worshipped the Dragon. And, even when they have altered the universe, they do not alter the situation. What is the reason for this, and whether it is some hitherto nameless need of human nature, or whether there be indeed something behind those ancient legends of the *genius loci*, or spirit of the place, need not now be discussed. But it is certain that throughout all history there has been a rhythm of expansion and contraction from certain centres; and that, unless we would be as superficial as the shallowest colonial journalists, we can see under all changes that these centres remain. It is commonplace that empires pass away, because empires were never very important. Empires are frivolous things, the fringes of a sprawling culture that has sprawled too far. Cities do not pass away, or very seldom pass away, because the city is the cell of our organic formation; and even those living in the vast void of empire can find no phrase for social duty, save to tell men to be good citizens.

Empires pass away almost as if to accentuate the fact that cities do not pass away. At least five empires have successively claimed suzerainty over little Jerusalem upon the hill; and they are all now mere names—Egypt and Babylon and Persia and Macedonia and Rome; and for those unaffected by names are unimportant. But Jerusalem is not unimportant; it is, at this very moment when I write, the scene of surging and threatening conflict that may bring the British Empire in its turn into grave peril. There was a Byzantine Empire, and there is still a Turkish Empire, and one may soon be as dead as the other; but it will always matter who holds San Sophia and the town of Constantine upon the Golden Horn. Paris is older than France and York is older than England; and Cologne is immeasurably older than Germany, let alone the German Empire. These centres of civilisation have something in them more magnetic and immortal even than nationality, let alone mere vulgar imperialism. Ghosts haunt houses, they say, and the ghosts of whole peoples haunt whole cities, till half Europe is like a haunted house. It is only dull materialists who can wander away into any material environment. The spirit and all that is spiritual returns to its own environment. The world ebbs back again to its cities, to its centres; it is true, as I have said, of many cities; it is most true of the most central city of Rome.

Everything was done to take away the Roman character from Rome. The Emperor was taken away, but the Pope remained. The Pope was taken away, but the Pope returned. The former could not make a new Rome at Byzantium. The latter could not make a new Rome at Avignon. The former experiment had behind it the great civilisation of the Greeks; the latter had behind it the great civilisation of the

French. The Greek Emperors thought they could move it easily to the East, and the French Kings that they could move it easily to the West. But Rome, especially Christian Rome, is a rock not easily to be moved; and in the course of but a few centuries, as history goes, she had seen the French Monarchy go down before the Jacobins as she had seen the Greek Empire go down before the Moslems.

I am now about to utter a sentence of familiar and horrid cant, which I fear may be respectfully received. It is said everywhere, in a sense that is quite false; and yet, strangely enough, it is quite true. I am going to say that the world is not yet ready for enforced international peace and disarmament in Europe. In all the welter of wordy hypocrisy that makes so much of modern culture

this moral distinction is false and cowardly; but in this special case, for one special reason, it does really apply. I doubt very much whether there will ever be a time when there will be no war. I cannot imagine how there can be a time in which there can be no war. But I do believe that, if the life of Europe evolves in one particular way, there may yet be something very like real European unity: an international understanding that would really prevent many international misunderstandings. But of that development it really is true to say that it has not happened yet, and that, until it has happened, we must not act as if it had. Of this international understanding, I can say without cant that the world is not ripe for it, though I fear that what I should call ripe many internationalists would call rotten.

Human unity is a huge and overwhelming truth, in the face of which all differences of continent or country are flattened out. European unity is an ancient, fundamental, and sometimes invisible truth, which every white man will discover if he meets another white man in Central Africa or unpenetrated Tibet. But national unity is a truth; and a truth which cannot, must not, and will not be denied, but chiefly for these very reasons—that nationality is human and that nationality is European. The man who forgets nationality instantly becomes less human and less European. He seems somehow to have turned into a walking abstraction, a resolution of some committee, a programme of some political movement, and to be, by some unmistakable transformation, striking chill like the touch of a fish, less of a living man. The European man is a man through his patriotism and the particular traditions of his people; he is a European, and a civilised European, through the particular civilisation of his people. The cosmopolitan is not a European, still less a good European. He is a traveller in Europe, as if he were a tourist from the moon. In other words, what has happened is this: that, for good or evil, European history has produced European nations by a European process; they are the organs of the organic life of our race, at least in recent times; and, unless we receive our natural European inheritance through those natural organs, we do not really receive it at all. We receive something else; a priggish and provincial abstraction, invented by a few modern and more or less ignorant men. So long as those organs are the only organs of a living tradition, we must live by them; and it is true to say that the time has not yet come for all the nations living by a tradition that they can all hold and inherit together. It means finding something that good men love even more than they love their country. And modern Europe has not got it yet.

I will not argue here about how Europe is to get it; but I would suggest that it might possibly begin by returning to the civic origins. I mean that the countries may not expand to the continents, but rather return to the cities. Humanity may find in the cities what might yet become a universal citizenship, as it did with the cities of antiquity. But it could only happen with the cities that are really antique. It would mean the sort of cities which we only call ancient because they are still alive. But it would repose on the real and profoundly human sentiment about sites, for sites are generally shrines.



A PROBLEM IN ITALIAN ART: A "NATIVITY" RECENTLY SOLD FOR 1,800,000 FRANCS AS A WORK OF FRA FILIPPO LIPPI, AND SINCE PRONOUNCED TO BE BY BOTTICELLI.

Now that the Italian Art Exhibition at Burlington House is providing unique opportunities for comparing the style of Italian Old Masters, many experts will doubtless be interested in the problem of ascription presented by the above picture. A note that accompanies the photograph says: "Mr. Wildenstein of New York paid 1,800,000 francs for this lovely painting of the Nativity sold as by Fra Filippo Lippi at a recent sale of primitives at the Hotel Drouot, Paris. The painting came from the collection of M. Paravey, a Conseiller d'Etat, and was sold in 1878 for some thousands of francs. It had since remained in the possession of one of M. Paravey's heirs. According to very reliable information, by an expert, this painting is the work of Botticelli, who was a pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi."

and moral science, I know nothing so contemptible, as a rule, as that evolutionary excuse about the world not being ripe. It is said by Socialists who do not want to leave off being Capitalists. It is said by war-profiters who would like one more war to make them millionaires, and then eternal peace; or by high-minded gluttons and epicures who would like their grandchildren to be vegetarians. So the employer may go on sweating because the world is not ready for Communism; or the huckster may go on swindling because the social evolution of man has not yet reached the point of common honesty; or the politician may bribe and be bribed at leisure, because the social prophets have calculated an exact and distant date for Utopia. But they can all sweat and swindle and bribe hopefully, happily, with radiant faces, because Utopia is sure to come some time—and for somebody else. Ninety times out of a hundred

A RECORD MASS-MURDER: THE ASTONISHING HUNGARIAN POISONINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RÜBELT, ARFO.



SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR POISONING HER HUSBAND, SISTER, UNCLE, AND AUNT: FRAU LIPKA, AGED 66.



SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR POISONING HER HUSBAND BECAUSE HE HAD TREATED HER ROUGHLY: FRAU KÖTELES, AGED 50.



SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE FOR POISONING HER INVALID HUSBAND: FRAU HOLYBA, AGED 44.



SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT AS CONFEDERATE AND INSTIGATOR IN POISONING: FRAU SEBESTYEN, AGED 71.

There are few more amazing and appalling pages in the annals of criminology than that unfolded during the trials which began recently at the little town of Szolnok, in Hungary, where nearly fifty women were charged with having poisoned their men-folk with arsenic. The motives alleged were inheritance of property or intrigues with lovers. Five women, it was reported, committed suicide while awaiting arrest or trial. As noted under a photograph given in our issue of December 28, most of the crimes occurred in the village of Nagyrev, where the bodies of fifty men were exhumed, and in forty-four of them was found, altogether, enough arsenic to kill a regiment. In sending these further photographs of this unique trial, a Vienna correspondent writes: "Graves were dug up in the churchyards and inquests were held on the corpses to find traces of arsenic. In forty-two cases death by poisoning

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TAKING EXERCISE IN THE PRISON YARD AT SZOLNOK, HUNGARY: SOME OF THE ACCUSED WOMEN WALKING ROUND IN SINGLE FILE UNDER GUARD OF TWO SOLDIERS ARMED WITH RIFLES.

[Continued.] was ascertained, but, in reality, the number of victims is far greater, probably almost a hundred. Most of the murders were committed by a midwife named Susi Olah, who escaped justice by committing suicide just before her arrest. No fewer than a hundred murders by poisoning have been ascribed to her. She had established a veritable poison factory, and sold arsenic at prices calculated according to the circumstances of her clients. At present forty-six persons are in custody, thirty-four of them in the District Court at Szolnok. It is affecting, indeed, to peruse the documents and to learn the crimes with which every one of these women is charged. The first four were sentenced by the court a few days ago. These were—Frau Lipka (aged 66) for killing her husband, her sister, her uncle, and her

[Continued below.



THE JUDGE DISPLAYING TO FRAU KÖTELES THE ARSENIC BOTTLE WHICH SHE HAD PLACED IN HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE: DR. JULIUS FUCHS, PRESIDENT OF THE DISTRICT COURT AT SZOLNOK, DURING ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL MURDER TRIALS OF MODERN TIMES.

[Continued.] aunt; Frau Sebestyen (aged 71) as assistant and instigator; Frau Holyba (aged 44) for killing her invalid husband by poison; and Frau Köteles (aged 50), for poisoning her husband because he treated her roughly. Hundreds of documents reveal similar atrocious records, a register of horror. Strange and sinister, like their deeds, was the behaviour of these women in court. Silent, without moving a muscle in their faces, they heard their sentences: for Frau Lipka the sentence of death; for the others, imprisonment for life. This death sentence will probably not be the only one. . . . In the prison yard of Szolnok, every day at noon, may be seen all these sombre women, whose crime record will soon be revealed before the judge. Silent, with eyes cast down, and folded hands as for



LISTENING TO THEIR SENTENCE IN GLOOMY SILENCE, WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE: HUNGARIAN PEASANT WOMEN CONVICTED OF POISONING—A SCENE IN COURT.

prayer, they walk in the prison yard for exercise, always moving in a circle. If they notice an onlooker, they raise their heads with an angry movement."

"FOOT-LOOSE AND FREE" IN INDIA—NOTABLY NEPAL.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE LAST HOME OF MYSTERY": BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL.*

(PUBLISHED BY JOHN LONG.)

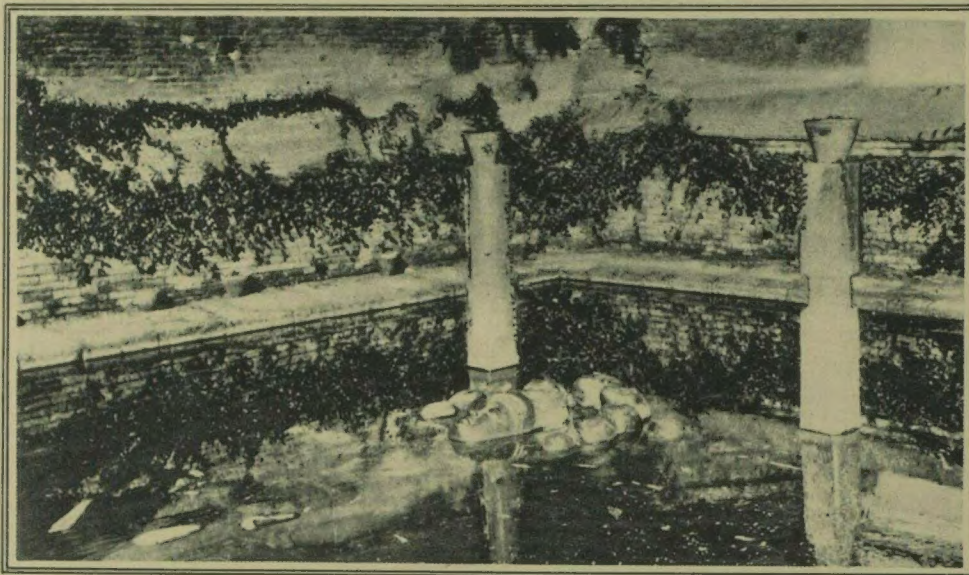
WITHIN sight of the birthplace of Abraham and the Ziggurat that was the shrine of the Moon God is Ur Junction. Colonel Powell halted at it as he bummelled back to "Journey's End," at Chevy Chase, in Maryland. At Hillah Station are motor-cars labelled "Taxi for Babylon." In the city of Haroun al Raschid a picture theatre was flickering Fairbanks in "The Thief of Baghdad" before natives to whom it was Greek, save that they could appreciate Dougish agility; and outside, at the Alweyah Club, there were cocktails compounded to give a kick to the leatheriest hoocher—The Desert Dream, The Sheik's Breath, and The Lion-tamer! The cars of the Overland Desert Mail, a convoy of which was held-up by Bedouins in Buicks, are driven from the Tigris to the Mediterranean in twenty-eight hours when the tribes are tranquil, "pointed by the sun by day and by the stars at night, the steering-wheel . . . lashed and the throttle set for a speed of fifty miles an hour."

In India, with which our author is chiefly concerned, modernity is equally apparent, and by no means cribbed, cabined and confined in the great cities; for all the Orient is now the changing East. Motor-cars and their kind are penetrating further and further into the back of beyond; electricity is glowing where only the primitive lamp was lit a decade or two ago; wireless is linking the world with the wilds. The Princes, magnificent, munificent, and progressive, are no longer complaisantly content to revel in inherited "lacs," heirloom gems, and the rupees of the taxed without rendering service in return and seeing to it that their dependent peoples are benefited materially and medically. The British Raj remains benign, just, firm, and helpful, ever working for the best, though hampered by the agitator and shackled by those ignorant enough to believe in an immediate self-government for which the country as a whole is unready, that vaguely-defined Dominion Status of which Earl Russell, the Labour Under-Secretary, said last week: "No one knows better than the Indians that the brave words demanding complete independence are very foolish words."

And so it is in unbound Nepal, the "Forbidden Land" that is ruled nominally by its King, but actually by its hereditary Prime Minister—and Dictator. In most ways, it is of the East Eastern; but its leaders, at all events, are well aware of the amenities of the West and keenly and loyally appreciative of all that is behind its Treaty of Friendship with the King-Emperor. When Colonel Powell met the eldest son of Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung, who has since succeeded his distinguished father, that most powerful personage wore a khaki-coloured waistcoat buttoned with sovereigns, sported two neckties, "a white silk Ascot, fastened with an immense pigeon's blood ruby, forming a chaste background for a vivid purple four-in-hand," and looked a native potentate to the life; but he spoke English flawlessly and was courtesy incarnate. Truly, one to be set high in the estimation; for how complex a task is his!

Nepal is jealous of the intruder and guards its secrets warily. Such occidentalism as is introduced into it is an exotic that has to be nurtured assiduously if it is to flourish; those Europeans privileged to visit it—and they have been very, very few—must have understanding or they will misinterpret. For Tradition is the soul of the Silver Tiger. The guider of its destinies must be of his day, even in advance of his generation; but he must treat the Past with reverence. That is the paramount problem for a nineteen-gun chief such as Sir Bhim Shumshere Jung. He may command a fleet of the latest motor-cars and a length of railway-line, but he must also employ the elephant, the pony, the coolie-borne dandy, and his mail will come by runner heralded by bell. He may listen to the radio, but he must not be deaf to the voices of the priests, Hindu and Buddhist. He will use electric light, but he must tolerate the flaming wick. "Trooping the Colour" must be for him a terrible celebration during the Kali Puja. "The great courtyard of the Kot is massed with detachments of officers and men representing all the regiments in the army, each with its stand of colors. When buffaloes to the number of some thousands have been beheaded, and the pavement of the Kot has become a crimson lake, the prime minister, who is likewise commander-in-chief, followed by a priest bearing a basin of fresh blood, approaches in turn each regimental standard. Dipping both hands

into the basin of gore, he clasps the silken folds, leaving on either side of the standard the imprint of a bloody hand. Guns boom, priests chant, massed bands play the national anthem, and the hot Asian sun beats down on a scene of slaughter which would have delighted the heart of Nero."



THE "SAFE" REPRESENTATION OF NARAIN, AT BALAJI: THE STONE EFFIGY OF THE GOD SLEEPING, ON A BED OF SNAKES, IN THE WATER OF A TANK.

Narain, one of the forms assumed by Vishnu, is believed to rest asleep, upon a bed of snakes, in a pool on the slopes of Mount Gosainthan, and tradition has it that should a King of Nepal gaze upon him, that potentate will fall dead on the spot. Therefore, the tank at Balaji and the stone Narain: there the King may worship safely.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Last Home of Mystery," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Long, Ltd.

Such things must the master of Nepal do, that age-old custom be not flouted. And it may be assumed that he would avoid many of them if he could; just as, without the shadow of a doubt, he would ordain modification in



CARDBOARD "GIANTS" SUGGESTING CARNIVAL FIGURES OF THE WEST: GROTESQUES WHO ESCORT SIVA AND PARAVATI TO THE TEPPA KULAM, NEAR MADURA.

These particular "giants"—some fifteen feet in height—are of cardboard and more-or-less-hidden humanity! They are members of the escort of grotesques who figure in the procession conducting representations of Siva and Paravati to the artificial lake, the Teppa Kulam, on the occasion of a great religious parade from the temple in February of each year.

the cruder ritualistic doings that are rife in sections of the community over whom he is lord, as they are—and perhaps in still more exaggerated form—in other parts of India. As to abominations of worship, it must be added, Colonel Powell is embarrassingly frank, especially for one

so nauseated by blessed bestialities. His "Unclean Gods" pages, in fact, gave him such pause that he begins by writing: "Only after much hesitation as to its propriety have I decided on the inclusion of this chapter." Yet he is constrained to discuss phallicism, obscene sculptures leering and lewd; idols crimsoned and ghee-d; the precise position of the less fortunate Temple women Sakti orgies and that Tantrism which has been diagnosed as "a diseased excrescence borrowed from the Hindus and based upon the worst parts of Sivaism"; "wives of the Gods," seductive dancing-girls of the holy places, parasitic fakirs; processional figures, male and female, marionetting indecently; "indecorous" caste customs, and the like; and he need not have repeated, and "paralleled," the horrible "headless" and "heartless" story of Mary Queen of Scots.

That having been said, and the squeamish having been warned, it is but fair to point out at once that "The Last Home of Mystery" is not a book the broad-minded and the knowledge-seeking will care to miss. I have mentioned its "unpleasant" aspect because I felt that it was wise to do so; let me turn to phases pleasanter.

With these—I write of Nepal only—must be reckoned the enlightened Hindus, who are many and, of course, largely in high places at Court or in commerce there and elsewhere; the King who is by custom no more than a dignified figure-head and the Premier who is the real ruler; those fine warriors the Gurkhas; and, need it be remarked, such seldom-seen sights as the capital, Khatmandu, with its temples, shrines, and pagodas, "a bewildering of carving, gleaming with gold leaf," its Maidan, its Durbar Square, its miz-maze of buildings, its images and bazaars, and, on its southern outskirts, the palace of the King, with the oddest of State staircases, an imposing flight "lined on either side by mechanical devices, all of American make—cash-registers, automatic scales, roulette and other gambling machines, nickel-in-the-slot contrivances for the dispensation of chocolate, chewing-gum, peanuts, and the like: these not placed there for utilitarian purposes, you understand. . . . Such things being rare and costly in Nepal, they are employed purely for decorative purposes, just as the stairways of European palaces are lined with statues or potted plants. . . . Oriental rulers, moreover, have an inherent fondness for mechanical things . . . the most conspicuous object in the treasure-room of the Shah's palace in Teheran is a fine copy in marble of the Venus de Milo—with a large gilt clock set in her stomach!"

And added must be the Buddhist temples of Shambhu-Nath and Bodh-Nath, which are near the capital and have, high up on their *torans*, "great pairs of inscrutable, brooding eyes . . . so cunningly painted that they seem to be alive"; Bhatgaon, whose Durbar Square is a wonder of fantastic structures and bizarre and beautiful carvings, a "Cave of Aladdin for the artist"; the water-gardens of Balaji, with the god Narain sleeping in a tank on a bed of serpents; and most holy Pashpatti, which ranks second only to Benares in the eyes of the Hindu Faithful—a Lourdes of the East.

Pashpatti: that provides Colonel Powell with the best material for his book, not so much by reason of its revered river, the Baghmatti, the stone ghats upon which dead pilgrims are burned that their ashes may be washed southward to Mother Ganges, the stone-flagged terraces down which the hopeful hie to bathe and drink in the sacred stream, the cattle and the apes, the temples and monasteries and the shrines; but because he took the trail with the pilgrims to it. "Men, women, children, even babies in arms. The sick, the lame, the blind. Townsfolk and countrymen. Priests and pundits. Monks and mendicants. The wealthy and the destitute. . . . I have witnessed many spectacles which were both piteous and thrilling—the retreat from Mons, the exodus of the civilian population from bombarded Antwerp, the migration of the Bedouin, the flight from the great eruption of Vesuvius, the hadj to Mecca—but I have never seen, and never expect to see, anything so moving, so impressive and withal so pitiful as this mighty Hindu pilgrimage to Pashpatti. . . . At the cost of enormous sacrifices and appalling hardships these people—not far from a quarter of a million in all—the vast majority of them desperately poor . . . were struggling over this Himalayan *via dolorosa*, not in the hope of any material advantage but in order to gain salvation. It was at once an avenue of agony which they were following and a road of religion, a highway to happiness and a path of pain."

That is Faith; and who dare scoff? But it will be long before there is true Nationalism in India, the India of antagonistic Hinduism and Mohammedanism, to count only the creeds that have the greatest number of followers; the India of a caste system that breaks it up into "a large

(Continued on page 72.)

* "The Last Home of Mystery: Adventures in Nepal; Together with Accounts of Ceylon, British India, the Native States, the Persian Gulf, the Overland Desert Mail, and the Baghdad Railway." Illustrated with a Map and with Many Photographs by the Author. By E. Alexander Powell, Author of "The Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia," etc. (John Long; 18s. net.)

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE CURRENT WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AT HOME AND ABROAD.



CAPTAIN THE HON. HUGH GROSVENOR.
Killed in an air crash at Port Philip Bay, Victoria. Son and heir of Lord Stalbridge, and A.D.C. to the Governor of South Australia. Famous amateur steeplechaser. Aged 25.



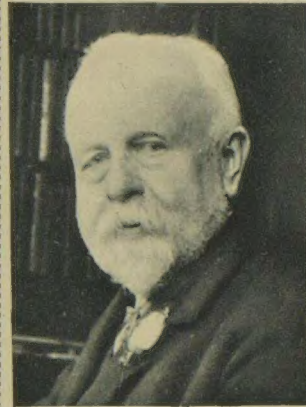
LIEUT.-COL. E. D. MILLER.
Famous polo-player. Died January 4, aged sixty-four. Deputy-Lieutenant and J.P. for Warwickshire. Served with the 17th Lancers in the Boer War and during the Great War.



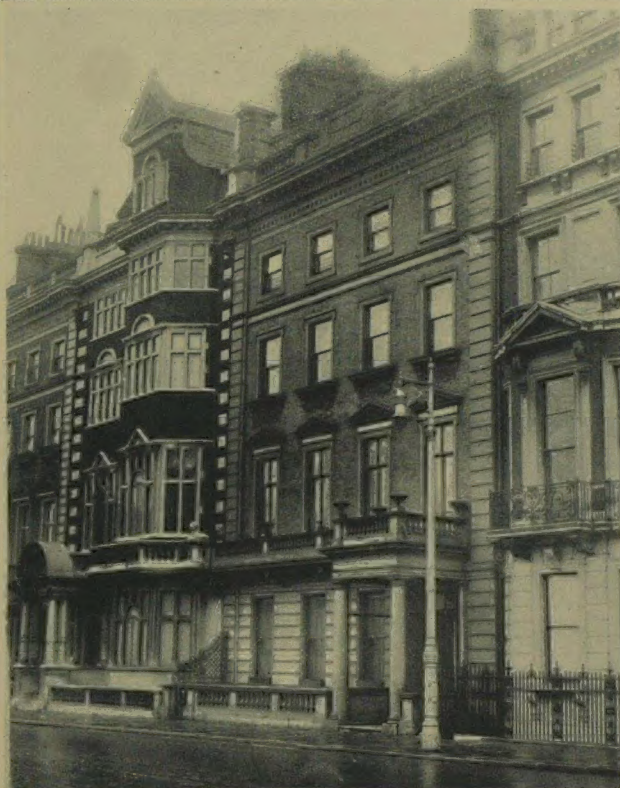
SIR MONTAGUE SHEARMAN.
Died January 5, aged seventy-two. Judge of the King's Bench from 1914 to October 1929. Formerly an Oxford "Blue" for running and "Rugger." At twenty-four swam Niagara below the Falls.



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.
Died January 1, aged close on eighty-eight. Ordained as a Wesleyan minister in 1863. Famous as preacher and writer, especially of Cornish stories.



MR. DAVID CROAL THOMSON.
Died January 4. Well known as an art dealer and connoisseur, and writer. Born at Edinburgh, 1855. Edited the "Art Journal," 1892 to 1902. Organised many important art exhibitions.



THE SOVIET EMBASSY AT A HOUSE WHERE KING EDWARD VISITED: NO. 40, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

A temporary home for the Soviet Embassy to Great Britain has been found in the late Mrs. Hoffman's beautifully furnished house at 40, Grosvenor Square, which has been taken on a six months' lease. This house was formerly owned by Sir Charles Tennant, father of Lady Oxford and Asquith. King Edward, when Prince of Wales, was a frequent visitor there.



MISS LOELIA MARY PONSONBY.
Engaged to the Duke of Westminster. Daughter of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse. Well known and popular in Society. Recently joined the Duke's yachting party in the Mediterranean.



MR. R. R. MACONACHIE, C.I.E., I.C.S.
Recently appointed British Minister in Afghanistan. Aged forty-four. Counsellor to the Legation at Kabul, 1922-5. Entered the Indian Civil Service, 1908; and has served chiefly on the North-West Frontier, holding important posts.



THE LADY TENNIS CHAMPION MARRIED: MISS HELEN WILLS (MRS. MOODY) LEAVING THE CHURCH WITH HER HUSBAND.
Miss Helen Wills, the amateur lady lawn-tennis champion of the world, was married on December 23 to Mr. Frederick S. Moody, Junr., a young stockbroker of San Francisco. The wedding, which was simple and informal, took place at St. Clement's Church, Berkeley, California. It is reported that the word "obey" was omitted from the bride's promises.



THE NEW CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF: AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR J. SALMOND.
Sir John Salmond was recently appointed Chief of the Air Staff, Royal Air Force, on the resignation of Sir Hugh Trenchard. Sir John Salmond has had a distinguished flying career. From 1917 he was in supreme command of the R.A.F. in France till the end of the war.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AGAIN ON HIS WAY TO THE HAGUE: MR. SNOWDEN (LEFT), WITH MRS. SNOWDEN, AT LIVERPOOL STREET.
Mr. Snowden, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has again gone to the Hague, where he so greatly distinguished himself at the conference held last year. The second Session of the Conference of the Hague, 1929-30, as it is officially termed, was opened on January 3, in the Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament, under the Presidency of M. Jaspar, the Prime Minister of Belgium. On January 6 the representatives of France, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Japan discussed Reparations.

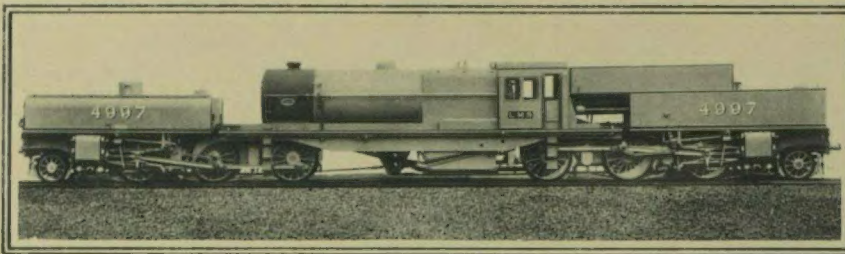


THE PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE RESIGNS: CARDINAL GASPARRI.
Cardinal Gasparri has resigned his post as Papal Secretary of State. He is seventy-seven, and has recently had a serious illness. He has been a power at the Vatican for many years, and is regarded as one of the ablest diplomatists in Europe.

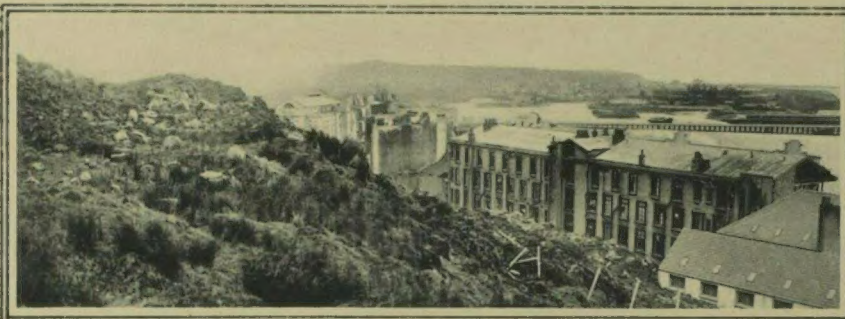
TOPICALITIES: PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.



BROUGHT TO THE "ZOO" BY AIR FROM BERLIN: A CRESTED BASILISK LIZARD.
A pair of basilisk lizards from South America were recently purchased by the London "Zoo" from Berlin, and were sent over by air in a special packing-case warmed by a hot-water bottle.



A NEW TYPE OF L.M.S. ENGINE FOR HAULING HEAVY MINERAL TRAINS: A GIANT "GARRATT" ARTICULATED LOCOMOTIVE.
The above is one of thirty new locomotives, of the "Garratt" articulated type, ordered for the London Midland and Scottish Railway. The engine has a tractive power of 45,620 lb., and its total weight, with 7 tons of coal and 4500 gallons of water, is 148½ tons.



THE BOULOGNE LANDSLIDE THAT REVEALED BUILDINGS ASCRIBED TO CALIGULA: A MASS OF EARTH INVADING AN HOTEL.
Recent rainstorms caused a landslide on a 150-ft. cliff at Boulogne behind the Boulevard St. Beuve, and some 250 tons of soil rolled down against the back of the Hotel du Pavillon Impérial. The landslide disclosed foundations of a tower said to have been built by Caligula when he planned to invade Britain.



A VAN DYCK REPORTED STOLEN IN TRANSIT FROM BRUSSELS TO LONDON: "THE ANGELIC CHOIR."
The above picture was stated to have been despatched from Brussels by its owner, M. Bechbach, on December 16, in a packing-case addressed to a London art dealer, Mr. Godfrey Phillips. The case arrived on December 31, and when opened, it is said, was found to contain the frame without the painting, which is valued at £16,000 to £20,000.



THE FIRST STREET TURN-TABLE FOR MOTOR-CARS: THE APPARATUS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN ST. HELEN'S PLACE, BISHOPSGATE.
A novelty in London's traffic arrangements is here illustrated, in the shape of a turn-table for motor-cars in the roadway, said to be the first of its kind. It is seen under construction in St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate, which is a *cul-de-sac*, and the new device will enable cars to be turned round, without that backing and wheeling by degrees which is always such a troublesome process for drivers in a narrow street.



A KENTISH LANDSLIDE THAT FELL ON A TRAIN, BUT WITHOUT INJURING ANYONE: LABOURERS CLEARING THE LINE NEAR WADHURST.
When the 5.5. p.m. train from Hastings to London was near the tunnel between Wadhurst and Ticehurst Road stations, a landslide, due to recent rains, fell from the embankment on to the rear coaches. A Southern Railway official stated that the driver, seeing earth on the line, had pulled up, and the more serious fall occurred while the train was stationary. The passengers walked through to the front carriages, and continued the journey in them.



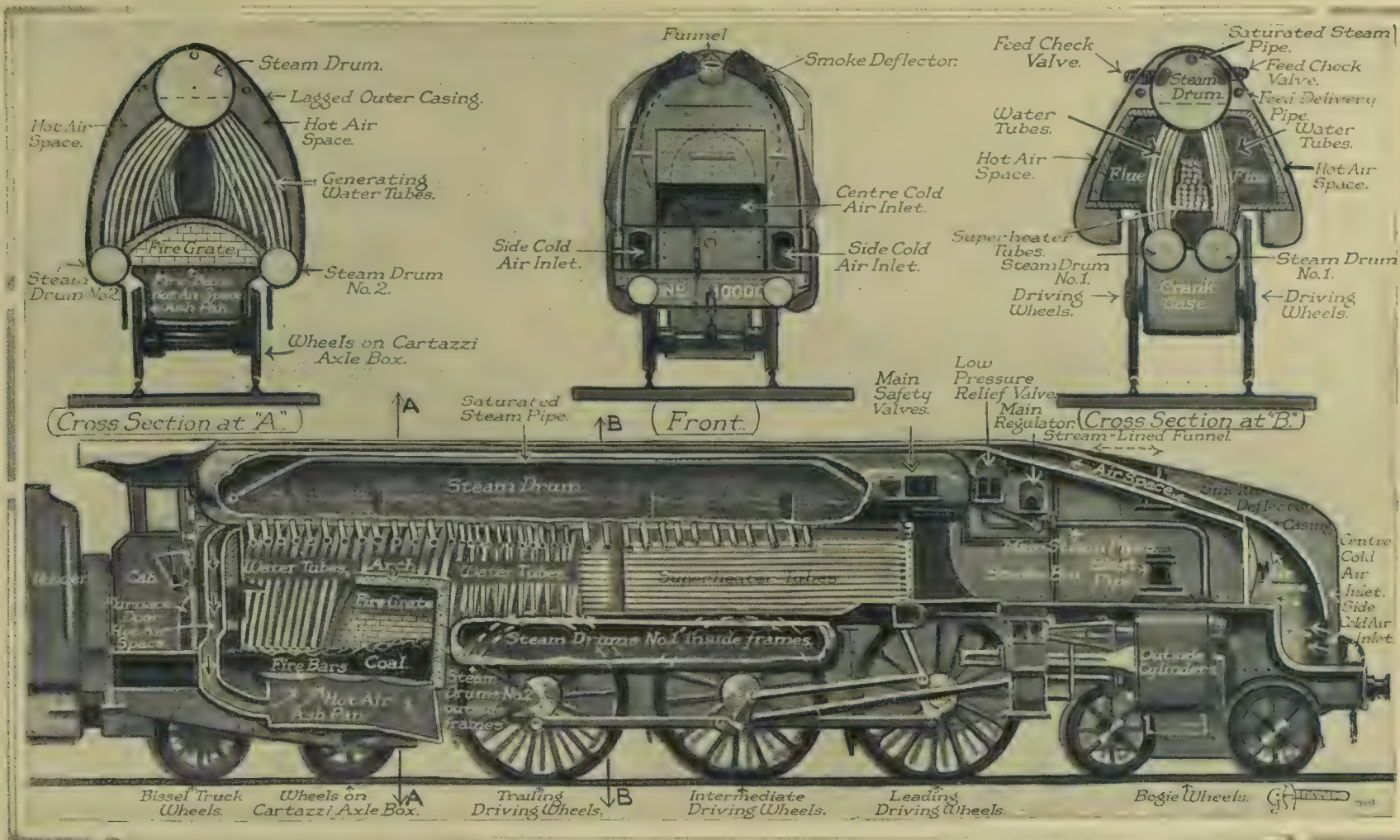
THE NEW DUVEEN GALLERY FOR ITALIAN ART AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: AN EXTENSION WHICH PRINCE GEORGE ARRANGED TO OPEN A FEW DAYS AGO.
Prince George arranged to open, on January 9, the new extension to the National Gallery added by the munificence of Sir Joseph Duveen, the famous art dealer and connoisseur, of London and New York. In 1928, Sir Joseph offered to build a new gallery for Italian art at the National Gallery, a gallery for foreign sculpture at the Tate Gallery, and an extension of the National Portrait Gallery, besides providing a new setting for the Elgin Marbles.



A PATHETIC SEQUEL TO THE CINEMA DISASTER AT PAISLEY: THE GRAVE-DIGGERS AT THE CEMETERY FILLING IN GRAVES OF NEARLY FIFTY OF THE DEAD CHILDREN.
Funeral services for nearly fifty of the children who perished in the fire-panic at the Glen Cinema, at Paisley, on New Year's Eve, were held on January 3, at Paisley Abbey and in four Roman Catholic churches. Most of the interments took place at Hawkhead Cemetery, where free burial ground had been granted by the Town Council. The last funerals took place on January 4, when eight more children were buried in the same cemetery.

A LOCOMOTIVE WITH A "WAR-SHIP" BOILER: A UNIQUE NEW ENGINE.

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE L. AND N.E.R.

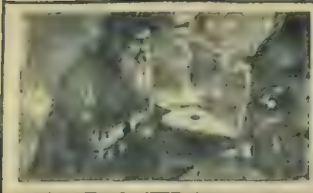


THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE FITTED WITH A WATER-TUBE BOILER RUN IN THIS COUNTRY: THE LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY'S NEW ENGINE OF THE MOST POWERFUL TYPE AND UNIQUE DESIGN—DIAGRAMS SHOWING DETAIL OF ITS MECHANISM.

This unique locomotive (of which photographs have already appeared in our issue of December 21) was recently built for the London and North Eastern Railway, and is now undergoing exhaustive trials. It took a train from Darlington to Newcastle on December 29. This engine is remarkable for the fact that its boiler is of the Yarrow water-tube type similar to those used in our destroyers and cruisers, with a working pressure of 450 lb. per square inch. It will be seen that there are a vast number of water-tubes immersed in the hot gases from the furnace. These are connected to the No. 1, or forward, steam drums inside the frame, or chassis of the engine, with the rear, or No. 2, steam drums outside the frames, both drums being connected by the water-tubes to the main or upper steam drum. Another remarkable novel feature is that the whole of the air supplied to the fire grate is pre-heated. As shown in our diagrammatic drawing, it will be noticed that the cold air enters through the front air-inlets, then, passing over the boiler-casing, on its way to the rear of the engine, it is heated, and so passes into the ash-pan and thence to the furnace as intensely hot air. The outer casing has smoke and steam deflector-shields at the front to throw upwards the steam and smoke from the small stream-lined funnel, to prevent the driver being blinded by the rush of smoke and steam as the engine proceeds at full speed. The method of mounting the four rear wheels of the engine is also a novel feature. The locomotive will probably be used on the express passenger service between London and Edinburgh.



SHOWING THE STREAM-LINED BOILER-CASING BUILT TO THE EXTREME LIMITS OF THE RAILWAY GAUGE, WITH CHIMNEY SUNK WITHIN CASING PLATES SO ARRANGED AS TO THROW THE SMOKE UPWARD CLEAR OF THE DRIVER'S VIEW: THE NEW L.N.E.R. LOCOMOTIVE SEEN FROM THE FRONT.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WANDERING "AT ANCHOR": TRAVELS OF THE BARNACLE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

MANY and varied are the modes of travel which obtain among the creatures of the sea. Some, like the whale tribe, cover prodigious distances, and never touch dry land. Others, like the sea-lions, not yet committed to the deep, spend some weeks ashore annually, wherein they may bring forth their

is the infant death-rate. When the family is small it can be efficiently cared for, and so gets a better start in life.

"Chance" is a very fickle and very callous jade. And nowhere is this more apparent, among the more lowly types of life, than among the "fixed" animals.

The oyster, generally doomed to pass the rest of its life on the spot where it ended its larval wanderings, may, with good luck, alight on the shell of a crab, and so, for a season, may constantly be borne about to pastures new. But presently that crab will "moult," or cast its shell, when further wanderings are for ever impossible. The barnacles are in better case. A striking instance of this came to me a few days ago, when a cluster of these creatures was sent to me attached to the neck of an empty bottle (Fig. 3), which had been picked up floating in the sea. As may be seen in this photograph, many of these are full-grown specimens of the ship-barnacle (*Lepas anatifera*), while young specimens are crowded together at their bases. For long months, then, these creatures had been borne hither and thither by the wind and currents.

Strange though this case undoubtedly is, it becomes still stranger when we come to consider it carefully. When that bottle was idly thrown overboard—carefully corked—it must have floated with the neck well out of the water. Later, with the weight of its living freight, it must have turned upside down. But how did the young, free-swimming barnacles obtain their hold on the cork

well above the water? This puzzled me until I recalled the case of the acorn-barnacles I found when staying in Jersey some years ago. Sitting on a rock in beautiful Bouley Bay I found myself contemplating the face of the cliff encrusted with their stony shells right up to the level of high-water mark. But, more than this, I found that for many feet above this they were scattered over the cliff-face in thousands. How did they get there—six or eight feet above high-water mark? And how did they contrive to live where they could never be submerged,



FIG. 1. THE HUMP-BACKED WHALE'S OWN PARTICULAR PARASITE: *CORONULA DIADEMA*, A WHALE-BARNACLE.

Some species of barnacles are found only on living whales. *Coronula diadema* is a species always associated with the hump-backed whale, the strange flipper of which, and the chin, always bear clusters of this barnacle.

young, when, so soon as the pups can swim, all put to sea for the rest of the year, since there only can they find food. But these two types are really emigrants from the land, lured seawards by the imperious demands of food which they can find to their liking only in the sea. A never-failing feast of fish is demanded by the sea-lions. The whales probably began as fish-eaters; some still, at least on occasion, eat fish; but many have become exclusively cuttle-fish hunters; while some, and of the most gigantic size, feed on minute crustacea, which are swallowed a wagon-load at a time! These animals afford an interesting and a striking illustration of the far-reaching consequences which may hang on "going where the belly guides." When we turn to the true children of the sea we meet with an astounding variety of creatures, large and small. Some would seem to wander at will, though this is never really true, for, sooner or later, they reach their bounds, which may be enforced by temperature, by shallow or deep water, or, again, by the kind of food to which they have become adjusted.

But, besides these, who may be said to enjoy the freedom of the sea after a very generous fashion, there are vast hordes of creatures which live in the surface-waters entirely at the mercy of the currents. At most they can but rise or fall a few fathoms, as they seek the light or shun it, according to their nature. On these the "free-swimmers" directly or indirectly feed. There is yet a third category, represented by creatures of the most diverse types which, at any rate as soon as they become adult, can never move at all—such, for example, as some of the "sea-squirts," corals, stone-lilies, oysters, and barnacles.

But all of these have a "larval" or free-swimming stage, during which they bear not the slightest resemblance to the adult form presently to be assumed. Only by this means can overcrowding be avoided. It is a means, however, which entails an appalling infant mortality. Of the 60,000,000 youngsters suddenly and, as one might almost say, callously thrust out into the world from the brief shelter of the parental gills, not more than two or three can survive. For all have to effect "forced landings," with all their attendant risks. But vast numbers never get a chance of landing at all, being snapped up by all sorts of hungry creatures swimming in their midst. Throughout Nature we find the same rule, from which not even man himself is exempt—to wit, the greater the number of offspring the greater



FIG. 2. HOW THE MOST ADHESIVE OF BARNACLES TAKES HOLD: THE BASE OF ATTACHMENT IN *CORONULA*.

No other barnacle takes so secure a hold of its victim as *Coronula*. The base of the shell is marked by a series of radiating plates, and into the cavities that they form the skin of the whale is drawn, making dislodgement almost impossible.

and must depend for their food on the spray caused by the dashing of the waves below? This spray could contain little in the way of food, and, moreover, it must soon have evaporated! I have not yet outgrown my astonishment.

One can understand how these high-and-dry barnacles came to be where I found them, though the feat is an astonishing one. The larval barnacle, when about to enter upon its final transformation, develops a sucker on its head. Being very minute, it could easily be carried up in a drop of spray on to the cliff-face, and to this, at once, it must catch hold. But, having done so, how can such a frail body protect itself from sun and wind until it has developed the stony plates which invest the body of the adult?

But, be this as it may, we have here a clue to the way in which these young ship-barnacles obtained their hold on the cork of the floating bottle, for they had to travel no more than a few inches from the water instead of many feet. Moreover, they would have a much better chance of survival, and better conditions of existence, since they must frequently have been submerged, and, finally, by their massed weight, entirely so. But the ship's barnacle, though immovably fixed, is still habitually a traveller. For it is nearly always found attached to floating wreckage, while to the captains of the old wooden vessels it was anathema, for in masses of thousands barnacles hung from the ship's bottom and seriously impeded her progress.

After this it is not surprising to find that there are species of barnacles which are found only on the bodies of living animals—whales of different species. One of the most remarkable is *Coronula diadema*, (Fig. 1) which is peculiar to the Hump-back whale, attaching itself to the huge flippers and to the lower jaw. The better to increase its hold, the base of the shell is cut up into hollow, triangular compartments, which, inserting themselves into the skin of the whale, make removal practically impossible (Fig. 2). When the hump-back becomes finally extinct—if this has not already taken place, owing to its merciless persecution by the whalers—*Coronula* will also vanish.



FIG. 3. A THICK CLUSTER OF SHIP-BARNACLES (*LEPAS ANATIFERA*) ON THE NECK OF A FLOATING BOTTLE.

The colony is rooted to the cork, to which the young barnacles, in their last free-swimming stage, attached themselves, either as the cork bobbed up and down in the sea, or after having been blown on to the cork from the water in a dash of spray. The bottle itself probably had too smooth a surface to afford a hold. In some of these barnacles the feet (A) can be seen protruding from the shells.

BUDDHAS DECAPITATED BY CHINESE SOLDIERY: ICONOCLASM FOR CURIOS.



WHERE NINETY-SIX BUDDHAS WERE DECAPITATED RECENTLY BY CHINESE TROOPS, WHO SOLD THE HEADS TO CURIO-DEALERS: THE CAVE TEMPLES NEAR TATUNG-FU—SHOWING SOME OF THE SMALLER CAVES AND THE ENTRANCES TO SOME OF THE LARGER.



GUARDIAN OF THE APPROACH TO THE CAVE OF THE GREAT BUDDHA, WHICH IS SIXTY FEET HIGH: THE ANCIENT TEMPLE WHICH STANDS IN FRONT OF THE CLIFF CONTAINING THE BUDDHAS WHICH HAVE BEEN MUTILATED BY SOLDIERS AND OFFICIALS.

THE correspondent who sent us these photographs writes: "After having survived for fourteen centuries, ninety-six stone Buddhas in the famous Cave Temples, near Tatung-fu, North Shansi, China, were decapitated recently by vandal soldiers and corrupt officials, who sold the heads to curio-dealers. The sculptures are regarded as the earliest specimens of Buddhist art in China. Their desecration has aroused the greatest indignation, and strong efforts are being made to protect those that remain from any outrage in the future." To this, we may add a quotation from Dr. A. F. Legendre's "Modern Chinese Civilisation," in which book it is written: "Let us look much later at the first

[Continued opposite.



THE ICONOCLASM VIVIDLY ILLUSTRATED: SOME OF THE SMALLER BUDDHAS THAT REMAIN AND EMPTY NICHES WHICH HELD OTHERS SAFELY FOR CENTURIES.

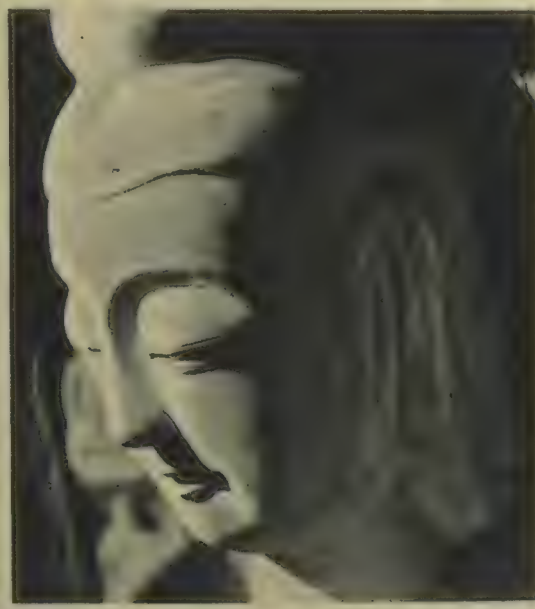
Continued.] centuries of the Christian era, when a complete transformation of the arts of China took place, that is to say at the epoch of the introduction of Buddhism into the Empire of the Hans—the influence of the ideas and arts of India,' says Bushell, who is an authority, 'was all-pervading. Chinese art was nothing but convention and routine; Buddhist art brought it out from this stagnation.' . . . The school of Gandhara initiated India, China, and even Japan, into the beauties of Greek art. . . . The Chinese chroniclers . . . acknowledge that with Buddhism they received the gift of Greek artistic and scientific culture. The whole of their civilisation was transformed and revived."



THE HEAD OF THE 60-FT. BUDDHA—CUT OUT OF THE LIVING ROCK AND COATED WITH PLASTER AND GILT PAPER.



ONE OF THE LARGER BUDDHAS INSIDE THE TEMPLES—THE SUNLIGHT SLANTING THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE CLIFF.



A PROFILE VIEW OF ONE OF THE BUDDHAS INSIDE THE CAVE TEMPLES—ITS CRYPTIC SMILE EMPHASISED BY THE SUN.

LENT TO THE ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION BY OWNERS

(COPYRIGHTS)



"THE FEAST IN THE HOUSE OF LEVI."—BY BOTTICELLI (1444-1510).
One of a Set of Predella Panels with the Legend of St. Mary Magdalen. Lent by the City of Philadelphia. (Johnson Collection.)



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD."—BY BOTTICELLI (FRANCESCO DI GIOVANNI) (1446-1497).
Lent by William Randolph Heuer, Esq., New York.



"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS."—BY ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431-1509).
Lent by Clarence H. Mueby, Esq.



"NOLI ME TANGERE."—BY BOTTICELLI.
One of a Set of Predella Panels with the Legend of St. Mary Magdalen. Lent by the City of Philadelphia. (Johnson Collection.)



"PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNA TORNUBONI."—BY GHIRLANDAIO (1449-1494).
Lent by J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., New York.



"THE ANNUNCIATION."—BY NEROCIO DI LANDI (1447-1520).
Lent by Yale University, U.S.A.



"A MIRACLE OF ST. SYLVESTER."—BY FRANCESCO PESELLINO (1422-1457).
Lent by the Worcester Museum, Massachusetts.



"THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE MAGDALEN."—BY BOTTICELLI.
One of a Set of Predella Panels with the Legend of St. Mary Magdalen. Lent by the City of Philadelphia. (Johnson Collection.)



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY."—BY BOLTRAFFIO (1467-1516).
Lent by Ralph Dool, Esq., Detroit.



"CHRIST PREACHING."—BY BOTTICELLI.
One of a Set of Predella Panels with the Legend of St. Mary Magdalen. Lent by the City of Philadelphia. (Johnson Collection.)



"THE JOURNEY OF THE MAGI."—BY SASSETTA (1372-1420).
Lent by F. Montand Griggs, Esq., New York.



"THE RESURRECTION."—BY ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO (1410?-1457).
Lent by Sir Joseph Duveen, Bt.



"DEPOSITION OF CHRIST."—BY CARLO CRIVELLI (1430-35-1495).
Lent by the Detroit Institute of Arts.

IN THE UNITED STATES: GEMS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

(STAYED.)

CUSTOMS AND COSTUME IN SARDINIA.

LIFE IN A PICTURESQUE ISLAND THAT SENT REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVITIES IN ROME.

By EDWARD DAVIDSON.

IN Sardinia one might say there are three seasons only: spring, lasting six months, commences in November; summer, of four months, from May onward; and the remaining two are autumn—so there is practically no winter. Snow is a curiosity, and rarely seen at close quarters. The first inhabitants of Sardinia were Phœnicians on their way to Spain and Ireland. There may be seen in many parts the caves in which they lived, and in 1905 a large grotto was discovered containing weapons, implements of stone, carved bone ornaments, and other relics of prehistoric days.

The Sards are a race of people apart: a mixture of Roman, African, and Spanish blood, and are not at all flattered if called Italians, whom they speak of rather contemptuously as "continental folk," although under the same government at the present day. Little more than fifty per cent. of the population are educated, and the dialect spoken, like the quaint customs of the people, resembles Spanish more than Italian. This is not to be wondered at, when we bear in mind that Sardinia once belonged to Spain in its past troubled history.

The women conserve with great pride the antique costume, which is made of thick stuff of mixed colours, the skirt pleated all round, very full, long enough to cover the feet, with tight waist. The bodice is usually velvet much embroidered, showing a white chemise through large slits in the material. A little shawl covers the jet-black hair and part of the face. Each woman spends a great deal of time, money, and labour in making her costume, and when finished it is indeed a thing of beauty, all worked by hand, and she is provided with a garment which does duty all the days of her life.

The men also are extremely picturesque in wide white trousers reaching to the knees, surmounted by a short petticoat half as long, a velvet or goatskin waistcoat, a white shirt with wide sleeves, and leggings. A round cap, which has a thick point long enough to fall on the shoulders, completes the costume. Not much more than one-third of Sardinia is cultivated, although the soil is extremely fertile and yields abundant crops of grain, fruit, and vegetables; also a good deal of tobacco is grown. As time is not important, heavy white oxen do the ploughing and draw the gaily painted carts of produce to the market. The little grey Sardinian donkey proves itself useful in place of the horse, but is badly treated, and comes in for kicks, blows, and even stones, in the course of its day's work.

The peasant has much to contend with when the torrential rains come, turning his land into a swamp and breeding-ground for mosquitoes, followed by the inevitable epidemic of malaria. Hundreds of acres are ruined either from his ignorance of irrigation or want of energy. This insidious malaria makes the people lazy, and almost all suffer from it more or less. The Indian fig or cactus takes the place of our dykes and fences. In the south-west are extensive mines of lead, silver, iron, and zinc, which, with modern methods, might be more profitably worked. The Italian Government have been considering the

suitability of the island of St. Antioca for a new naval base.

Although Sardinia is a maritime country, fishing is not engaged in to any extent owing to the prevalence of malaria along a great part of the coast, except in the vicinity of the island of San Pietro. There the inhabitants earn a considerable living by catching the tunny-fish. This fish lives only in the deepest parts, and is the largest found in the Mediterranean. When full-grown it weighs two-and-a-half hundredweight, measures three yards in length, and requires at least two men to carry it. The flesh of the tunny-fish, not quite so delicate as our salmon, but very good, is preserved in oil, tinned, and largely eaten throughout Italy.

In Sardinia the day of the highway robber is not yet past, and it is considered unwise to be outside a town after sunset—in fact, we were advised not to

The houses of the *contadini* (peasants) are dark, dirty, and devoid of comfort, and little used except to sleep in. Not having windows, they depend upon the open door for light. At sunset darkness falls immediately; there is little twilight; the door is shut and the family retire to bed. During the day the sun nearly always shines in this country; therefore it is the custom of these people to be outside. The old man may be seen at basket-work, the grandmother preparing the vegetables or looking after a baby, the nimble fingers of the other women busy at their chief occupation, coarse filet-lace—and a crowd of dirty little dark-eyed cherubs squatting on the earth. That is the picture one sees in front of the small cellar-like dwellings of Sardinia.

It is characteristic of the Sards to take their pleasures sadly. One notices this on *festa* days, when dancing is going on in the *piazza*. The music is supplied by a kind of melodion emitting monotonous

sounds seemingly on two notes. A ring is formed by the dancers linking arms; then, to the long-drawn-out first note, all shuffle into the centre, returning to their places on the second note. This movement is repeated, after which each couple dances round in a circle to the spot where they started. The dance reminded me of one of our children's games, only there was no merry laughter—each member went through it with dignified seriousness and never a smile. The only gay note about it was the beautiful bright costumes of the women.

Some of the customs seemed very strange. This I thought rather a nice one: in the towns, when a house is being built, so soon as the roof is ready to be started, flags are hoisted at each corner, and the builder that day provides his workmen's lunch. An egg when cooked is eaten without salt, but the usual way is to make a hole in the shell and drink it raw. A nice plump cat is thought as tasty as a rabbit. (I did not

knowingly sample this dish.) Black cats are unlucky; so is the poor hunchback, who is given a wide berth because of the evil spirit dwelling in the hump, and I have seen people prefer to wait for the next bus rather than sit beside a hunchback.

Good manners demand the hands to the wrist on the table during a meal. The fantastic fashion of loading the fork with macaroni by whirling it round and round in the plate is not so simple as it looks, and the Englishman gives himself away at once when he attempts to copy it. The itinerant beggar is seen everywhere—the more dirty and disreputable he is, the better he thrives. Coming towards him, you hear his prayers and wishes that the Madonna will always bless you; but, should no money change hands, you are immediately consigned to a climate even warmer than that of Sardinia!

The cathedrals, towers, and palaces of Sardinia are of extraordinary historical interest and beauty; its museums full of relics of Phœnician, Grecian, and Roman days; and I believe that this hitherto neglected island only awaits an archæologist who will excavate, and do for it what Giacomo Boni has done for Italy, to make its treasures famous.



SARDINIAN PEASANT PAGEANTRY REPRESENTED IN THE PROGRAMME OF ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVITIES IN ROME: A PILLION-RIDER IN NATIONAL COSTUME, AND OTHER PARTICIPANTS AT A VILLAGE FÊTE IN SARDINIA.

As noted on the opposite page, Sardinia was represented in the programme of the great procession of Italian folk-lore and local pageantry, arranged to take place in Rome on January 7, the day before the wedding of the Prince of Piedmont and Princess Marie José of Belgium. It may be recalled that the bridegroom's parents, the King and Queen of Italy, with two of their daughters, visited Sardinia in the early summer of last year, and witnessed festivities of the type here illustrated.

motor into the mountainous districts, where the natives live in quite primitive fashion and "might is right." In these parts the culprit as often as not escapes to the mountains, where he lives in a cave, coming down to a village in search of what he can lay hands on in the way of food, or often his family will carry food to a hiding-place which he can reach with safety after dark. By this method he is in communication with his people all the time, and knows the doings of the village. I remember once reading an account in a Sardinian newspaper of two men pardoned and allowed to return to live in their village. The offence had been committed two years before, during which time the mountain-cave had been their dwelling. The sympathy of the villagers was entirely on the side of the guilty prisoners, whom they welcomed back as heroes.

Thus the authorities are up against the hopeless task of making these uneducated people (in whose nature stealing is a long inheritance) appreciate the benefits of law and order. Should there be a policeman in the district, he finds that less energy is required in the performance of his work if he keeps one eye shut (very often two eyes) in order to give the culprit a chance.

A SARDINIAN PARALLEL TO ITALY'S ROYAL WEDDING PROGRAMME.

FROM THE DRAWING BY EDMOND ABBO. (COPYRIGHTED.) (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



THE PILLION BRIDE: A PICTURESQUE CAVALCADE IN SARDINIA—SHOWING SOME LOCAL TYPES OF FESTAL ATTIRE REPRESENTED AT THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING PAGEANTRY ARRANGED IN ROME.

Among the festivities arranged in connection with the Italian royal marriage was a procession, planned for January 7 (the day before the wedding), to represent the folklore and local pageantry of the Italian provinces. The 4000 participants came from all parts of the peninsula, as well as from Sicily and Sardinia, and the episodes included folk-songs, dances, village festivals, and picturesque types of local vehicles, with numbers of horses, oxen, and sheep. The above drawing illustrates a cognate subject—a bridal procession in Sardinia, where picturesque costumes and romantic customs survive among the islanders. After a wedding

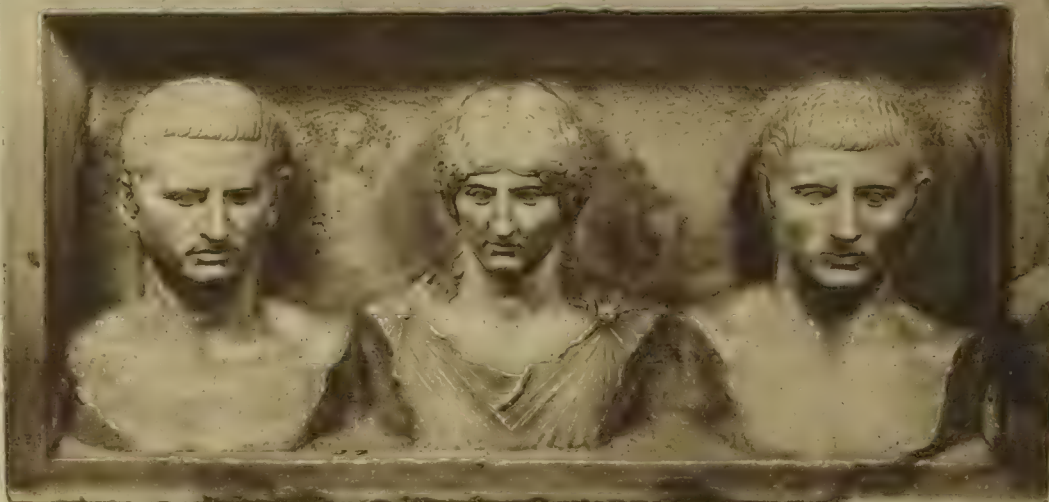
the bride rides home mounted on a pillion behind the bridegroom, while the guests gather round, saluting them with music and pelting them with flowers. Describing Sardinian festal attire, Mr. Edward Davidson says (in his article on the opposite page): "Each woman spends a great deal of time, money, and labour in making her costume, and when finished it is indeed a thing of beauty, all worked by hand, and she is provided with a garment that does duty all the days of her life. On Sundays and *festa* days she adorns herself with many necklaces, pendants, and big buttons of finely-worked yellow metal."

A GREAT EVENT IN THE WORLD OF ART: THE COMING DISPERSAL OF THE LANSDOWNE MARBLES.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



ACQUIRED BY THE FIRST LORD LANSDOWNE FOR £200 (ABOUT 1772): A FEMALE FIGURE (6 FT. HIGH) SENT FROM ITALY BY GAVIN HAMILTON AS A "SITTING JUNO."



OF THE PERIOD OF THE CLAUDIAN EMPERORS: A ROMAN SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT, PROBABLY FROM A TOMB ON THE APPIAN WAY, WITH THE WOMAN'S HAIR IN THE STYLE OF THE ELDER AGIPPINA. (2 FT. 3 IN. HIGH BY 4 FT. 2 IN. WIDE.)



MARCUS AURELIUS AS MARS: A STATUE FOUND BY GAVIN HAMILTON AT TOR COLOMBARO IN 1771, AND BOUGHT FOR £300. (7 FT. 3 IN.)



A STATUE OF ARTEMIS (7 FT. HIGH): AN EARLY TYPE OF THE GODDESS, PROBABLY DESIGNED FOR A TEMPLE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



ATTRIBUTED TO POLYCLEITUS: "A WOUNDED AMAZON," A STATUE FOUND IN TOR COLOMBARO BY GAVIN HAMILTON IN 1771. (6½ FT.)



FOUND IN HADRIAN'S VILLA, AND PRESENTED TO LORD LANSDOWNE IN 1775: A TERMINAL FIGURE OF A GIRL (4½ FT.)



"PROBABLY THE MOST POPULAR SPECIMEN" IN THE LANSDOWNE COLLECTION: A HEAD OF HERMES (23 IN. HIGH) FOUND AT HADRIAN'S VILLA IN 1769, AND BOUGHT IN 1771 FOR £55!



FOUND AT HADRIAN'S VILLA IN 1769, AND SOLD FOR \$15! A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF A GIRL IN GREEK MARBLE. (25 IN. HIGH.)

A BUST OF A VICTORIOUS YOUTH (29 IN. HIGH): ONE OF MANY SCULPTURES FOUND AT HADRIAN'S VILLA IN 1769 AND BOUGHT IN 1771 FOR £75.



An art event of the first magnitude will take place at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, on March 5, when Messrs. Christie will offer at auction, on behalf of Lord Lansdowne, "the celebrated Collection of Ancient Marbles," originally formed by his ancestor, William Fitzmaurice, second Earl of Shelburne and first Marquess of Lansdowne (created 1784). The Lansdowne Marbles are one of the last of the great private collections formed in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when conditions in Italy and Greece permitted the export of ancient works of art. There has been no such sale of

ancient sculpture in England for many generations, except for that of part of the Hope heirlooms in 1917. Some sensational prices are expected, and an unusual feature of the sale is that the original cost of the whole collection and most of the separate items is on record.

Over a century ago, during his evidence before the House of Commons Committee on the Elgin Marbles, Richard Payne Knight valued the Lansdowne Collection of sculpture at £11,000, and the prime cost was estimated at £7000. The catalogue gives interesting detail regarding the collection and its originator, both as art-lover and statesman. In 1766, as one of Pitt's Ministers, "he began a

[Continued opposite.



THE LAST WORK OF ANTONIO CANOVA (1757-1822) MODELLED THE YEAR BEFORE THE SCULPTOR'S DEATH AND COMPLETED UNDER DIRECTION OF HIS BROTHER, THE ABBÉ CANOVA: "THE SLEEPING NYMPH" (6 FT. 3 IN. LONG), BOUGHT BY THE THIRD MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE FOR £500 IN 1824.



"HERMES": A STATUE IN PARIAN MARBLE (7 FT. 1 IN. HIGH) FOUND AT TOR COLOMBARO IN 1771 AND BOUGHT FOR LORD LANSDOWNE FOR £600—A REPLICA OF THE BELVEDERE HERMES IN THE VATICAN.



CANOVA'S "VENUS": A FAMOUS WORK BOUGHT FROM NAPOLEON'S BROTHER LUCIEN, BY THE THIRD LORD LANSDOWNE, IN 1816. (6 FT. 2 IN. HIGH.)



CONSIDERED THE "GEM" OF THE LANSDOWNE COLLECTION: THE GREAT STATUE OF HERAKLES (7 FT.) FOUND IN HADRIAN'S VILLA AND SOLD TO LORD LANSDOWNE FOR £600 ABOUT 1792.



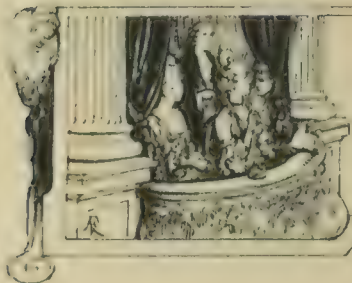
BOUGHT IN 1798 FOR 12 GUINEAS: A MARBLE THRONE (3 FT. 1 IN. HIGH) DESCRIBED AS "AN ANTIQUE CHAIR OF APOLLO, WITH THE SNAKE, BOW AND ARROWS, HIS EMBLEMS, CURIOUSLY WROUGHT."



AN ASSYRIAN LIMESTONE RELIEF (19 IN. HIGH) RESEMBLING SOME IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM FROM SARGON'S PALACE AT KHORSABAD (C. 722 B.C.): A FRAGMENT SENT TO THE THIRD LORD LANSDOWNE IN 1845 BY SIR STRATFORD CANNING, AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY.

Continued.
policy of conciliation towards the American Colonies, but was denounced by his colleagues and hated by George III." He resigned in 1768, and for fourteen years strongly opposed the Government's American policy. It was during that period, while free from office, that he formed his collection. "In 1782, Lord

Shelburne became Prime Minister, conceded independence to the United States, and made peace with France and Spain." He was created Marquess of Lansdowne in 1784. He visited Italy in 1771, and for making his collection secured the services of Gavin Hamilton (1730-97), the Scottish painter, who had settled in Rome, and was the most enterprising archaeological explorer of the day. In 1769 Hamilton found nearly sixty pieces of sculpture near the site of Hadrian's Tiburtine Villa, and in 1771 made further important discoveries during excavations at Tor Colombaro, on the Appian Way near Rome. The first Lord Lansdowne died in 1805. Some additions to the collection were made by the third Marquess, including the Assyrian relief and the two works of Canova above illustrated.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



IMPRESSIONS OF 1929.

THE professional dramatic critic who winds up his year's work with a review and a confession that, of the many, many plays he has seen, only very few turn up in remembrance, always has to contend with an unpleasant possibility. People may say to him: "You say that you have forgotten most of the plays you saw, and yet, as I run through your collection [if it is filed and kept, which is very unlikely—J.T.G.], I find that you have praised a score or two when they were first performed. How is this oblivion to be accounted for? Was your praise merely 'put on,' or was it deliberately dishonest? For, if you praised conscientiously, you would at least have remembered them in substance!"

To which soft impeachment I would reply: "Plays are like persons. You meet many in the course of a twelvemonth, and many of them may deserve to be remembered—but are not. If it were possible to enumerate the 'passing army,' you would find that only very distinct personalities crop up in the revision—personalities so far above the average that, at random and without effort, they stand out as the visible stars in the firmament."

So this must be my defence when I say, as I consider the London drama of 1929, that of 150-odd new plays I have seen, there are just a baker's dozen of which now I could give a reasoned, critical account from memory. This does not imply that all those remaining should go to limbo, nor that a fair number of them did not deserve all the nice things I said of them. It simply means that the plays which have faded from my brain were pleasing people of fleeting acquaintance, and that those which are firmly embedded in my mind are

"Journey's End"	-	-	by R. C. Sherriff.
"The Apple-Cart"	-	-	George Bernard Shaw.
"Bitter Sweet"	-	-	Noel Coward.
"The Silver Tassie"	-	-	Sean O'Casey.
"Jew Süss"	-	-	Ashley Dukes.
"The First Mrs. Fraser"	-	-	St. John Ervine.
"Rope"	-	-	Patrick Hamilton.
"Keepers of Youth"	-	-	Arnold Ridley.
"The Berg"	-	-	Ernest Raymond.

been half-successes, in London, have taken Berlin by storm.

Other notable factors of 1929 were: the conspicuous failure of many American plays in London and the consequent diminution of their importation, and the gradual petering out of the Crook-Spook-Shock play. That at the "Gate" an attempt to revive the *théâtre de la terreur*—commonly called Grand Guignol—came

a cropper, is a healthy sign of the times. ("What about 'Rope'?" I hear whispered. "Rope" was a success not from its subject, but as being witty and penetrating, not a mere piling-up of horrors.) Further causes of satisfaction are the revival of village drama, stimulated by the British Drama League; the vitality of local repertory theatres—gradually spreading over all the big cities in the provinces; and the activities of the Arts Theatre, which has now become the centre of "trials" of new plays, censored and uncensored, where Frank Vosper's remarkable "People Like Us" saw the light and enjoyed an unprecedented run, and where the Cosmopolitan Theatre—foreign plays manned by English actors—gave successful performances in French and German. "Carry on!" and "Forward!" are the watch-words all along the line.

To 'speak at length of our actors in this review would lead me too far. But I would repeat again and again that, despite the *laudatores temporis acti*—the people who always extol the past to the detriment of the present—it may be said of English acting that it is second to none in the world, and that the younger

generation is richer in promise than ever before. If—without prejudice—I could recall the finest individual performances I have seen in 1929, I would name:



"REVELLING IN FRESH SEA AIR"—AND IN THEIR NEW "SHERINGHAM" COSTUMES: (L. TO R.) KATE (MISS BEATRICE ELBURN), EDITH (MISS MARJORIE EYRE), AND ISABEL (MISS MURIELLE BARRON) IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

The latest revival of "The Pirates of Penzance," in the present season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy Theatre, was arranged for January 6. The attractions of this delightful piece are enhanced by the new costumes, for the opera has been entirely "re-dressed" from designs by Mr. George Sheringham, the well-known artist—to what excellent effect is seen in our photographs. The present revival is of special interest, as it is just over fifty years since "The Pirates" was first produced, in New York, on December 30, 1879, while for English copyright purposes a performance was given simultaneously at Paignton, Devon. The jubilee was recently celebrated there by a revival given by the Paignton Amateur Operatic Society. The opera was first produced in London on April 3, 1880. On January 13 will begin the second part of the present Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Savoy, on repertory lines, lasting till March 22.

"The Matriarch"	-	-	G. B. Stern.
"People Like Us"	-	-	Frank Vosper.
"Canaries Sometimes Sing"	-	-	Frederick Lonsdale.
"The Sacred Flame"	-	-	Somerset Maugham.

On the whole, my list requires no further comments. In each case the merits have been duly recorded and analysed after the *premieres*. But, lest some of my selections compel a query, let me state why I included "Jew Süss," "The Berg," and "The Matriarch" in this survey of epoch-making work. "Jew Süss," because it was a brilliant *tour de force* achieved by our own Ashley Dukes when the author, Leon Feuchtwanger, had to admit that he had failed in the gigantic task of dramatising his famous novel; and hence, although Mr. Dukes's adaptation, according to his own words, is but an episodic transcription of the book, it gave Matheson Lang an opportunity to plasticise the character of the novel on the stage. "The Berg" I include because this play, which was as esoterically impressive as "Outward Bound," was spoilt by production and not as well acted as it might have been. Its perusal in book form confirmed its qualities as a work of style and thought, and there is some bitter-sweet gladness in the reflection that, where the theatre failed, the film lived up to the ideals of the author. Finally, I singled out "The Matriarch" because the magnificent acting of Mrs. Patrick Campbell overshadowed all the defects of a play which led one of our most profound novelists on to the stage and indicated that, with practice, Miss G. B. Stern is destined to take rank as a dramatist.

Now let us consider other features of 1929. First and foremost, the miraculous and almost unparalleled vogue of English plays on the Continent. In Berlin alone twenty-nine English plays were produced—eleven of them Shakespeare's. In Vienna, in Holland and Belgium, in Warsaw (where Bernard Shaw's great work, "The Apple-Cart," was first produced), in Prague—in every capital of Europe, even in Paris, where our drama is no longer a negligible quantity, "the cry is still, They come." And at this juncture it is curious to note that plays which have failed, or



"TAKE ANY HEART—TAKE MINE!": MABEL (MISS WINNIE MELVILLE) AND FREDERIC (DEREK OLDHAM), WEARING THEIR NEW "SHERINGHAM" COSTUMES, IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE," AT THE SAVOY.

the distinctive personalities that, in the World of the Theatre, make history.

To come to grips with my subject. Here is the dozen that I would hallmark as the harvest of the year 1929—



"WITH A PIRATE HEAD AND A PIRATE HEART": THE PIRATE KING (MR. DARRELL FANCOURT) AND RUTH (MISS BERTHA LEWIS) WEARING NEW "SHERINGHAM" COSTUMES, IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Matriarch"; John Gielgud's Richard II.; Dennis Neilson-Terry's Tokeramo in "Typhoon"; Marie Ney's tragic heroine in "People Like Us"; Cedric Hardwicke's King in "The Apple-Cart"; Marie Tempest and

[Continued on page 72.]

A Gem in the Italian Art Exhibition: A Giorgione.

REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "APOLLO" MAGAZINE. (ALL COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"THE TRIAL OF MOSES"—BY GIORGIONE (1477—1510): PHARAOH WATCHING THE INFANT MAKE HIS FATEFUL CHOICE BETWEEN GOLD AND EMBERS.

This fine example of the art of Giorgione (Giorgio da Castelfranco) has been lent for the Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House by the Royal Uffizi Gallery at Florence, where it has been since 1795. An explanatory note on the subject in the Exhibition catalogue says: "Pharaoh has dreamt that Moses will some day seize his crown; so, to try him, he has the infant presented with a dish of gold and a dish of embers. If Moses chooses the gold, he will have him killed. In the picture, Pharaoh is on his throne, in a rich landscape, surrounded by courtiers. Two of them hold out the dishes to the infant Moses, held by a black-robed woman, and he chooses the embers." Regarding the history of the picture, the note mentions that in the earliest inventory in which this picture and its pendant, the "Judgment of Solomon" (also in the Uffizi) occur, they are ascribed to Bellini. "Morelli and his school (it is added) believe them to be the earliest works of Giorgione." Giorgione's place as the leader of a new movement in the Venetian school during his short life, and a precursor of Titian, is discussed by Sir Charles Holmes in his authoritative and delightful book, "An Introduction to Italian Painting."

The Royal Bride of the Week.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GIUSEPPE AMISANI. (COPYRIGHTED.)



PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

The wedding of Princess Marie José, the only daughter and youngest child of the King and Queen of the Belgians, to the Prince of Piedmont, only son of the King and Queen of Italy, and heir to the Italian throne, was arranged to take place in Rome on January 8. The Pauline Chapel attached to the Quirinal Palace was chosen as the scene of the ceremony, and a

Cardinal was specially appointed by the Pope to pronounce the Papal benediction on the royal couple. In honour of the Princess, a street in Rome—the old Viale delle Terme—was renamed the Viale Principessa di Piemonte in readiness for her arrival. Princess Marie José was born at Ostend on August 4, 1906. She received part of her education in Italy.

The Royal Bridegroom of the Week.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GIUSEPPE AMISANI. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, ONLY SON OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

Prince Umberto, Prince of Piedmont and heir to the Italian throne, only son of the King and Queen of Italy, was born at the Castle of Racconigi on September 15, 1904. As noted on the opposite page, his marriage to Princess Marie José, only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, was arranged to take place at the Quirinal in Rome on January 8. The

Prince's rank in the Italian Army is given in the "Almanach de Gotha" as Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry. These portraits are both the work of Signor Giuseppe Amisani, who is the most distinguished portrait-painter in Italy, and is equally eminent in landscape. Two of his Algerian landscapes were reproduced in colour in our issue of January 28, 1928.



The End of a Perfect Day

GOLD FLAKE
CIGARETTES

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SURVIVALS FROM ANCIENT EGYPT: "NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

RECONSTRUCTION-DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



IN EGYPT OF OLD AND IN THE TIME OF MODERN MAN: THE WATER-HOIST FOR IRRIGATION AND THE ENCLOSING OF DRIVEN GAME BY HUNTERS.

We illustrate two survivals from ancient Egypt which are of topical interest. With regard to the *shaduf*, the primitive water-hoist, it must be remarked that its modern form has its counterpart in paintings dating from the New Kingdom, and that *shaduf*-hooks of wood, from which the leather buckets were hung, have been excavated from graves of about 3000 B.C. In the first of his Lectures for Children on the subject of "How Things were Done in Ancient Egypt," Mr. S. R. K. Glanville pointed out that the old Egyptian ways of raising water from the storage pools to fields on higher levels were almost identical with those now in use. As to the drive, the

drawing from the tomb of Thuthotpe, a Prince of the Hare-Province, who flourished in the reign of Sesusri III (Twelfth Dynasty), shows how the hunting took place between two parallel lines of netting, which were enclosed at one end by means of poles and cords. The hunters are seen in the enclosure, into which the game has been driven—possibly by the flames of prairie-grass fired for the purpose. Topicality is given by the 1928 Report of the Kenya Game Warden, just issued. This blames natives from the reserves for much destruction of game, and states that they burn the grass to deflect herds towards the reserves, and slaughter them on the outskirts.

THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVES ENGLAND DEPARTURE SCENES; AND TYPICAL DENIZENS



AN EAST AFRICAN NATIVE: A TYPE OF HEAD-DRESS COMMON IN KENYA AND TANGANYIKA.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL SHORTLY GO ON SAFARI: THE FAMOUS SERENGETI PLAINS, IN TANGANYIKA, LATELY CONSTITUTED AS A GAME RESERVE.



THE "KENILWORTH CASTLE," WITH THE PRINCE ON BOARD, LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON IN A GALE, WHICH GAVE HER A "DUSTING" IN THE CHANNEL AND THE BAY OF BISCAI: A STARBOARD VIEW OF THE LINER.



THE UNOFFICIAL TRAVELLER: THE PRINCE OF WALES PRINCE GEORGE (THIRD FROM LEFT), AT WATERLOO.



UNMISTAKABLE SPOOR: TRACKS OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS ON THE SHORES OF LAKE NAKURU, IN KENYA.



A RHINOCEROS TAKING COVER, FOR OBSERVATION PURPOSES, AS A HUNTER'S CAR PASSES BY, BEHIND AN ANT-HILL LARGER THAN HIMSELF: A SPECIES OF BIG GAME WHICH THE PRINCE IS ANXIOUS TO "BAG."

FOR HIS AFRICAN BIG-GAME SAFARI: OF THE COUNTRY HE IS BOUND FOR.



BIRDS THAT FEED ON MINUTE ORGANISMS IN THE WATER, ALMOST INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE: SOME OF THE THIRTY MILLION FLAMINGOES ON THE SHORES OF LAKE NAKURU.



ANOTHER TYPE OF HEAD-DRESS COMMON IN KENYA AND TANGANYIKA: A NATIVE WITH A THICK "PIG-TAIL."



(CENTRE) BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO FRIENDS, INCLUDING BEFORE LEAVING IN THE ORDINARY BOAT-TRAIN.



TO BE USED BY THE PRINCE FOR TRANSPORT PURPOSES IN AFRICA: ONE OF TWO SPECIAL BRITISH-BUILT SIX-WHEELED HUNTING CARS FITTED WITH A GUN-RACK AND ALL REQUISITE EQUIPMENT.



AN ESSENTIAL PART OF EVERY SAFARI: THE "STILL"—APPARATUS BY MEANS OF WHICH DRINKING-WATER IS DISTILLED FROM THE GREEN AND SLIMY LIQUID FOUND IN WATER-HOLES IN THE AFRICAN BUSH.



LIKE A PILE OF TENNIS BALLS: A CLUTCH OF OSTRICH EGGS IN A NEST CONSISTING OF A HOLE IN THE SANDS

The Prince of Wales left England on January 3 for Africa, to resume the big-game hunting expedition interrupted in November 1928 by his hurried return during the King's illness. The Prince has latterly done much public work on his Majesty's behalf, and the new trip will afford him a well-earned holiday. He is travelling as an ordinary passenger, and his tour will be free from official ceremonies. From Waterloo, where he was seen off by Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George, he travelled by the ordinary boat-train to Southampton, where he embarked in the Union Castle liner "Kenilworth Castle," for the Cape. His own cabin is on the saloon deck, forward on the starboard side, and he arranged to take meals in the dining-saloon. On the first day out from Southampton the ship had a rough passage down Channel and in the Bay of Biscay, where a fierce gale was blowing, and huge waves broke over the liner's bows, but the weather moderated next day. On January 6, an airman, Mr. Haynes, left Le Bourget in a light aeroplane, for East Africa, and it was stated that the machine belongs to the Prince of Wales, who will use it during his expedition. The "Kenilworth Castle" is due at

Cape Town on January 30. On his arrival there, the Prince will be for some days the guest of the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of South Africa, and Princess Alice, with whom he was to have spent Christmas, 1928. He will then journey north into Rhodesia, up Lake Tanganyika to Kigoma, and thence to Dodoma, in Tanganyika, the probable starting-point for hunting. The details of the trip have been provisionally arranged by Captain Denys Finch-Hatton, the Earl of Winchelsea's brother, and a famous big-game hunter, who planned the Prince's previous expedition. The Prince hopes to shoot lion, buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros. He is taking new weapons and two special British-built six-wheeled cars for transport purposes; also a cinematograph apparatus for filming animal life. It is thought that he may travel by air part of the way from South Africa to the hunting-grounds, owing to exceptional rains having affected motoring roads, and that he will make aeroplane flights in search of game. He expects to be out in the bush (including the Serengeti Plains) for five or six weeks, and to return home to England in April.—(PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARRETT WALLS, F.R.G.S., EXCEPT THE THREE IN THE MIDDLE ROW.)

THE DRAMA OF THE MICROSCOPE: "FAIRYLAND" IN A HALF-INCH OF POND LIFE.



1. SHOWING (RIGHT FOREGROUND) A ROTIFER CRAWLING UP A STRAND; (JUST ABOVE) A BLADDERWORT UTRICLE CAPTURING A FLY LARVA; AND (LEFT) AN URN ROTIFER: A TANGLE OF POND SCUM.



2. A PROTOZOAN COLONY OF BELL-ANIMALCULES (*VORTICELLA CAMPANULA*): A SECTION SHOWING ALSO HIGHLY MAGNIFIED STRANDS OF POND SCUM AND (DARK IN LOWER CENTRE) A TUBE OF *FLOSCULARIA RINGENS*.



3. A WATER-PLANT THAT TRAPS AND DEVOURS MICROSCOPIC ANIMALS: A UTRICLE OF THE BLADDERWORT (SEEN IN THE LOWER CENTRE) WITH A CAPTURED ROTIFER IN ITS TRAP-DOOR.



4. SHOWING (CENTRE) THE TRANSPARENT DOUBLE DWELLING OF TWO COMB-ARMED ROTIFERS—REALLY ANIMAL TRAPS: ROTIFER "HOUSES" ON THE EDGE OF A DEAD, SKELETONISED LEAF.

These photographs show detail of a remarkable glass model (described on page 60) representing half an inch of pond life enormously magnified. In notes on the above sections we read: "(1) A large rotifer (*Notommata copeus*) is crawling up a strand, perforating it, cell by cell, to pump out the chlorophyll for food. A utricle of the bladderwort is capturing a harlequin fly larva. Two strands (of pond scum) are forming spores, being connected by ladder-like rungs. (3) A 'utricle' of the bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*) is about the size of a pin's head. A spherical floating colony of rotifers which cling together by their toes (*Conochilus hippocrepis*) is seen on the right. A colony of tube-building rotifers (*Floscularia ringens*) has

built a branching cluster of trumpet-shaped 'houses' on the edge of a dead, skeletonised leaf. In the centre is the transparent double dwelling of a pair of graceful, comb-armed rotifers (*Stephanoceros fimbriatus*), really ingeniously contrived animal traps. In the foreground, the large and unusually beautiful *Octotrocha speciosa* peer out of their jelly-like habitation."

"ENCHANTED FOREST" INSIDE HALF AN INCH OF POND SCUM.

REPRODUCED FROM "NATURAL HISTORY," BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 60.)



A WATER FAIRYLAND: PART OF "ONE HALF-INCH OF POND-BOTTOM MAGNIFIED (CUBICALLY) ONE MILLION TIMES"—WONDERFUL DETAIL OF A GLASS MODEL REPRESENTING MINUTE PLANTS AND ANIMALS SEEN THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

The wonders of pond life, as seen through the microscope, enormously enlarged, are represented in a remarkable model, called the Rotifer Group, recently installed in the Darwin Hall of the American Museum in New York. This model is constructed entirely of glass, and faithfully portrays many of the strange plants and animals that might normally be found in half an inch of space at the bottom of a pond, magnified by one hundred diameters, or, cubically, one million times. The above photograph is described as showing "a detail of the new Rotifer Group . . . magnified to more than four feet in diameter." The group was designed and directed by Dr. Roy Waldo Miner, Curator of Lower

Invertebrates at the Museum, whose descriptive article is quoted on page 60. The beautiful glass modelling, which is the outstanding feature of this exhibit, was executed by Mr. Herman O. Mueller. The field work on which the group is based was largely carried on at Mt. Desert Island, Maine. On the right in the above photograph is part of a cluster of water thyme (*Philotria Canadensis*), with slender, pointed leaves. To the left are interwoven strands of pond scum (*Spirogyra*), while running diagonally across the centre is part of the zigzag bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), with its curious "utricles," which are animal traps. Other sections of this wonderful model appear on the opposite page.

A MICROSCOPIC CREATURE ONCE CREDITED WITH A WHEEL:

THE ROTIFER AND HIS WORLD: MARVELS OF POND LIFE,
ENORMOUSLY MAGNIFIED, REPRODUCED IN A GLASS MODEL

Abridged from an Article by Dr. ROY WALDO MINER, Curator of Lower Invertebrates, American Museum of Natural History.

THE Fairyland of Science is sometimes found in unexpected places. Nothing, on the surface, could appear less romantic than the "standing pond," which Shakespeare used as an appropriate simile for the visage of a wooden-headed egotist. Yet in its murky depths the microscope reveals an enchanted forest, so to speak, wherein the game of life is played with as much zest and ferocity, on an infinitesimal scale, as it is by tigers and leopards in the jungle.

The beauty of the "exquisitely minute" in Nature has been finely expressed in Tennyson's lines on a shell. "What is it?" he asks: "a learned man could give it a clumsy name." The shell is empty, forsaken by its tiny occupant.

Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

This little shell and its inhabitant, however, would be giants in comparison with "the microscopic life found in 'one half-inch of pond-bottom,'" as described by Dr. Roy Waldo Miner in a fascinating article published in *Natural History*, the magazine



CLIMBING LIKE AN "INCH WORM"
A ROTIFER ON A PLANT STEM.

With swimming discs folded in and concealed, *Rotaria macrura* hunts for small organisms along a *Spirogyra* stem, advancing like an "inch worm," by alternately arching and extending its body.

life are very delicate and flexible. From the stem of each of these grows a curious bladder, also called a utricle. These utricles are actually animal traps. They are about the size of a pin-head, but are shown here, modelled in glass, about three or four inches in diameter. The tiny animals with which our microscopic world is swarming are captured by these traps, and, as they die and decay, are absorbed by the plant cells for food. This reminds us of the terrestrial pitcher plants, which capture and digest insects on land. We have examined the vegetation of our microscopic jungle. Let us now become acquainted with its inhabitants, the minute creatures that swim or prowl through its tangled growths or build crystal palaces, in which they dwell upon its branches. The most conspicuous of these are the rotifers. The typical rotifer is a somewhat top-shaped animal, that is to say, its body tapers from a relatively large, often flattened head to a more or less pointed foot, usually furnished with two, likewise pointed, 'toes.' The head has a crown of cilia, i.e., minute moving hair-like structures. In some cases, as in the common rotifer (*Rotaria macrura*), these cilia are arranged in a double row around two circular discs, on the shoulders, just back of the mouth-opening and on either side. The cilia lash the water one after the other in ordered succession. This vibrating movement is so rapid that a wave of motion passes around the discs, giving the appearance of a rotating wheel. Some of the early observers supposed that this was actually the case, and so gave the name rotifers, or 'wheel-bearers,' to the animals. They thought that, at last, the principle of the wheel had been discovered in nature, but, with closer observation, it was soon found that this was an optical illusion, and that man still preserves intact as his own invention one of the few mechanical principles not anticipated by nature. The rotifer's

who first recorded a rotifer in 1696. "Thus," continues Dr. Miner, "these remarkable inhabitants of the minute world have been known to microscopists for 230 years. Yet it is quite likely that by far the greater majority of educated persons to-day have never heard of them, and at the first mention of their name would immediately ask 'What is a rotifer, anyhow?'"

"The new exhibit in the Darwin Hall is intended to answer this question. . . . To the right, a cluster of water thyme (*Philotria canadensis*) rises with slender, pointed leaves and graceful translucent green stems. To the left, and arching also over from the right, criss-cross tangles of *Spirogyra* (pond scum) interweave their slender, tubular strands. . . . Diagonally across the centre is seen the most remarkable plant of all. This is the bladder-wort, *Utricularia vulgaris*. Along the stem, at intervals, are slender, branching, spine-like leaves, which in real



A SAVAGE ROTIFER: *DICRANOPHORUS* CROUCHING TO SPRING ON ITS PREY.

Lightly balanced on its pointed toes, with body contracted, it awaits an unwary victim. The actual attack is shown in the next photograph below.

vibrating coronal circlet of cilia creates a whirlpool, which gathers in still more minute animals, to be swept down into the wide-open mouth. The food stream then passes into a capacious pharynx, to be seized upon by a curious apparatus, peculiar to rotifers, known as the mastax, a set of jaws located in the throat. In many species, they take the form of toothed forceps that tear the food apart. In others, they act as a grinding mill, and, in still others, as a suction pump. Rotifers of the first sort are active, and sometimes prey upon animals of their size or larger.

The rotifer springs upon its prey, suddenly shooting out nipper-like jaws. An example of this is *Dicranophorus forcipatus* (shown on this page). Those that have suction jaws are herbivorous, feeding upon the contents of plant-cells. For example, *Monomata longiseta* crawls up the filament of *Spirogyra*, cutting a neat round hole in each cell with the tips of its jaws. Then it uses its pumping apparatus to empty by suction the entire plant cell of its endochrome. One urn-shaped species (*Asplanchnopus multi-ceps*) has a well-developed mouth and pharynx, as well as a large stomach, but no intestine. Males are

very few, compared with the number of females, and are of much smaller size. Rotifers have a nerve ganglion, or 'brain,' in connection with which one or more red eye-spots occur. A system of nerves connects the brain with various parts

[Continued on page 72.]



A TYPICAL ROTIFER: *CYRTONIA TUBA*, A TOP-SHAPED CREATURE CROWNED WITH A WHEEL-LIKE WREATH OF CILIA.

of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The "dim water-world" of a pond is discovered to be as full of marvels as a rock-pool on the sea-shore.

The wonders of pond life revealed by the microscope and magnified (cubically) a million times, are reproduced in a remarkable glass model, known as the Rotifer Group, designed by Dr. Miner and made under his direction, recently set up in the Darwin Hall of the American Museum. He begins his article by recalling the original invention of the microscope, by Zacharias Jansen, of Middelburg, in the Netherlands, about 1590, and its application in the seventeenth century to the study of nature by various naturalists, including the Rev. John Harris,



A ROTIFER THAT SWIMS WITH EAR-LIKE ORGANS.

Notommata copeus extends earlike flaps from its head to use in swimming. They are fringed with moving hairs which draw the animal through the water.



THE "TIGER" SPRINGS: *DICRANOPHORUS* DARTING UPON ITS VICTIM.

Dicranophorus darts on its prey with pincer-like jaws and relaxed and now slender body. This is the same species as that shown crouching in the upper right-hand photograph.



A ROTIFER THAT LIVES INSIDE A COLONY OF PROTOZOA. The spherical colony of the protozoan *Volvox* is penetrated by the rotifer *Ascomorpha*, which thereafter lives and feeds inside.

FIRE; FOG; AND A "SYNTHETIC" GAS-ATTACK: UNITED STATES NEWS ILLUSTRATED.



THE CHRISTMAS EVE FIRE AT THE WHITE HOUSE EXECUTIVE OFFICES: FIREMEN AT WORK DURING THE OUTBREAK, WHICH MADE IT NECESSARY FOR PRESIDENT HOOVER TO MOVE INTO THE HISTORIC STUDY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



WHY MR. HOOVER HAD TO MOVE HIS WORKING QUARTERS! THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM BURNT OUT IN THE WHITE HOUSE EXECUTIVE OFFICES, WASHINGTON.

The Executive Offices of the White House, a long and low building some two hundred feet from the White House proper, were on fire last Christmas Eve, and two hours passed before the blaze was extinguished. It was possible to save the President's personal files, but his work-room, with others, was practically gutted. Many historic public documents were destroyed, though, luckily, many of their kind were removed long ago to the Congressional Library or to the State Department. As a result, Mr. Hoover had to transfer his work to the study President Lincoln used to occupy in the White House itself.



THE FIRE ON THE NON-MAGNETIC SCIENTIFIC YACHT "CARNEGIE," THE RESULT OF A PETROL-EXPLOSION WHICH HAD FATAL CONSEQUENCES AND DESTROYED THE VESSEL: THE SHIP ABLAZE IN APIA HARBOUR, SAMOA.

On December 1, a wireless message reached New York, from Apia, stating that the non-magnetic yacht, "Carnegie," of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, which was specially built some years ago for the purpose of scientific research, had been burned in the harbour there, as the result of a petrol-explosion which had occurred on the Saturday. Captain Ault, the commander, died of burns; and the cabin-boy was reported missing. Other members of the crew were injured. The ship had on board a party of seventeen scientists, who were cruising to study atmospheric electricity and magnetism.



SKY-SCRAPERS IN THE CLOUDS! AN ODD PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE TOWER OF THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK; SHOWING THE TOPS OF BUILDINGS IN THE CLEAR BELT ABOVE THE BANK OF FOG ENVELOPING THE CITY.



A "SYNTHETIC" GAS-ATTACK: A BANDITS' RAID STAGED IN A PITTSBURG BANK TO DEMONSTRATE A SYSTEM OF DEFENCE BY BLOWING TEAR-COMPELLING FUMES TOWARDS THOSE ATTEMPTING TO HOLD-UP THE CASHIERS AND CUSTOMERS.



TEAR-GAS AS PART OF THE EQUIPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES POLICE FORCE: RELOADING TEAR-GAS BOMBS IN NEW YORK, TO REPLACE THOSE SENT BY AIRPLANE FOR USE DURING THE AMAZING MUTINY AT THE NEW YORK STATE PRISON AT AUBURN LAST DECEMBER.

The "gunman" is so active in the United States, and so daring, that many a bank takes very special precautions. The first of the two pictures here given shows one of those initiated at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, illustrating what a correspondent describes as a "synthetic" raid on the Monogahela Bank; that is to say, an imitation raid to demonstrate how bandits might be defeated by means of tear-gas released at a given signal and blown towards them. Needless to say, a harmless cloud of smoke was used for the test. The second picture is of a scene that was a sequel to the prison mutiny which took place at the New York State Prison, at Auburn, on December 11 last, and was illustrated in our issue of January 4. On that occasion, tear-gas bombs were sent to the "battle-area" by means of aeroplanes, and were used by the troopers attacking the building.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN view of Mr. J. L. Garvin's prophecy that "1930 is likely to be a year of tremendous awakening in the life of the British people," it might be well to refresh our memories of recent history, through which we have all lived, in order to understand the present state of affairs and form a sound judgment on vital questions which may, before long, confront every citizen. History is nowadays rapidly brought up to date, and there is abundant material for those who have time for extended study, but the ordinary reader requires something short and popular. A useful book of this type is "A MODERN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE," 1910-1922. By R. H. Gretton (Martin Secker; 12s. 6d.), written on the same lines as the author's two previous volumes, which covered the period from 1880 to the death of King Edward in 1910.

Mr. Gretton's method is to record, not merely important national events, but the fluctuating interests of the average man and woman as reflected in the Press. The present volume includes, of course, besides the War and the first three years of peace, the reform of the House of Lords, the Suffragette agitation, the Irish troubles and their settlement, and the fateful inception of a new policy in India. In the five chapters on the War, the author's object has not been to attempt an outline of its history, but rather to convey an impression of its effects on the public mind and the life of the people. As a unit of that public, whose mental portrait Mr. Gretton has painted in

This political digression, however, is not representative of Dr. Van Der Sleen's book, which is a picturesque account of a walking tour, with his wife and a friend and native bearers, through some little-known, though not very remote, mountain country. His interests are mainly in nature, science, and native customs. "The chief object of our tour," he writes, "was to study the geological formation of the Suttlej valley . . . still comparatively unexplored."

There is a chapter headed "In the Service of India" in a very entertaining book of social reminiscences called "ALL THAT I HAVE MET." By Mrs. Claude Beddington. Illustrated (Cassell; 18s.). This chapter, however, has to do with family history rather than recent affairs in India. The author's mother was a friend of Lord Roberts, and her three great-aunts each had for husband a man distinguished in British India—namely, Sir George Chesney, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman (Acting Adjutant-General throughout the Indian Mutiny and present at the capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow), and Sir Mortimer Durand, formerly British Minister at Kabul and afterwards at Teheran.

Sir Mortimer Durand figures in one of Mrs. Beddington's many amusing anecdotes. While he was in Persia, the Omar Khayyám Club in London elected him as their President, and, hearing that Omar's tomb at Nishapur was in a

dilapidated condition asked him to bring the matter to the notice of the Shah, Nasir-i-Din. "Uncle Morty," we read, "accordingly broached the subject at his next meeting with the Monarch, a good old sportsman; but that gentleman asked, greatly surprised, 'Do you mean to say that there is in London a Society connected with Omar Khayyám?' Loud laughter. . . 'Why,

he has been dead over a thousand years!' To this Uncle Morty: 'All the more reason to do honour to his memory.' But the Shah retorted: 'No, I cannot order that the tomb shall be repaired. We have got many better poets than Omar Khayyám—indeed, I myself' . . ."

The phrase "All that I have met," as used by Mrs. Beddington, seems practically synonymous with all that were worth meeting. Her acquaintances have included many celebrities of the stage, and she devotes a short chapter to Gilbert and Sullivan. This, curiously enough, provides a connecting link with a new work by the Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. There was no such person in my time; we had to scrape acquaintance with English literature as best we could for ourselves, in the intervals of composing Greek and Latin verses, and we lacked any such stimulating influence as that of "Q," then engaged in writing his inimitable Cornish romances. There is a lecture on W. S. Gilbert in his new book, "STUDIES IN LITERATURE." Third Series. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Cambridge University Press; 10s. 6d.), a scholarly work with a personal touch.

Of all these delightful lectures, dealing, among them, with the English Elegy, the Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, Shakespeare's comedies, Coventry Patmore, and the identity of Longinus (of "Sublime" fame), the chapter on Gilbert interests me most of all. It recalls memories of my old rooms overlooking the Kitchen Bridge at John's, where I entertained my friends (and probably tortured my neighbours) with piano selections from Sullivan's scores, when I ought to have been deep in Plato or Lucretius.



A NEW SEA OUTLET FOR PRODUCE OF THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE PROVINCES, REDUCING THE DISTANCE TO LIVERPOOL BY MORE THAN 1000 MILES: FORT CHURCHILL HARBOUR, AND THE MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS.

the mass, I feel in reading him that he has recaptured its leading features with marked success.

Now that the problem of India, which chiefly inspired Mr. Garvin's prophecy, is clamouring for solution, it is interesting to turn to Mr. Gretton's survey of events in 1919—the Montagu-Chelmsford Report and subsequent Act. "The Report (we read) had been criticised as making, in an enthusiasm for self-government, the mistake which Mr. Morley had avoided—that of thinking that the demand of the peoples of India, with all their conditions of sharp religious hostilities, widely differing racial characters, and vast masses of extremely poor and ignorant peasantry, must necessarily be met by a representative system of a wholly Western type. . . . The system which the new Bill set up was a dyarchy." We are now reaping its results.

Another passage from Mr. Gretton may be quoted, partly as a specimen of his power of terse recapitulation, and also as bearing on the comparison which Mr. Garvin drew between India and Ireland. "Mr. Asquith (we read) had been suggesting that 'Dominion status' for Ireland might meet the case. . . . There was a hard struggle yet before the end was reached. Mr. de Valera was refusing to consider any status but that of a wholly independent republic. . . . Ministers forced the end. They gave the Sinn Féin representatives point-blank the prospect of ruthless and full-scale war. A few hours later, under the formula of loyalty to the King 'in virtue of the common citizenship of the British Commonwealth of Nations,' the Irish Free State was born."

I have no other book in hand at the moment touching directly on the political situation in India, but an example of a native ruler's attitude to the British *Raj* occurs incidentally in an interesting chronicle of travel by a well-known Dutch writer—"FOUR MONTHS' CAMPING IN THE HIMALAYAS." By Dr. W. G. N. Van Der Sleen. Translated by M. W. Hoper. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 21s.).

In connection with his visit to Kunmarsain, capital of a small native state somewhere north of Simla, the author describes a conversation with the Rajah, "a well educated man of animated appearance, speaking excellent English and interested in all that goes on in the world," very keen also on the development of agriculture and education in his territory. "We then got on to politics," continues Dr. Van Der Sleen. "It was not surprising to find the Rajah complaining of the way in which the Government insists on forcing an Englishman as chief official upon every native state. At the same time he freely admitted that British supremacy was indispensable, and that if the whites were to leave India the whole country would fall a prey to internal dissensions."



ONE OF THE STRONGEST FORTS IN NORTH AMERICA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AND FOR TWO PREVIOUS CENTURIES: THE ANCIENT FORT PRINCE OF WALES AT FORT CHURCHILL ON HUDSON BAY—PART OF THE RUINED WALLS.

The new 500-mile Hudson Bay Railway (completed but not yet open to traffic), from Hudson Bay Junction in Northern Saskatchewan to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, will afford Canadian prairie farmers a direct outlet to the sea. The line brings wheat-producing centres such as Edmonton, Regina, and Saskatoon over 1000 miles nearer Liverpool than they are now. On the site of Fort Prince of Wales, which in the eighteenth century and for two centuries before was one of the most powerful strongholds in North America, there will rise in the next few years colossal grain-elevators. The bay at Churchill, which saw the first Manitoba settlers arrive more than 200 years ago, will become a modern harbour for grain-ships for the world's markets, and a thriving town.

Another anecdote recalls the recent death of Mrs. Montagu Tharp, of Chippenham Park, near Newmarket. It has a personal interest for me, because, one hot summer's afternoon in the last century, during my Cambridge days, I went to a garden-party at Chippenham Park with the vicar of a neighbouring parish, and was introduced to Mrs. Tharp. My chief recollection of the occasion is that, on the walk thither, under a broiling sun, our collars had turned into limp rags! Her husband was a famous sportsman, and used to entertain King Edward for pheasant and partridge shooting. "Monty Tharp," writes Mrs. Beddington, "won great fame in his day as a *raconteur*. . . . At his funeral in 1899 somebody blundered, and the entire procession was half-way to the Chippenham churchyard before it was noticed that the coffin had been left behind at the house. As his friends said, remembering the old gentleman's strong sense of humour, 'How Monty would have laughed!'"



WHERE COLOSSAL GRAIN-ELEVATORS WILL RISE IN A FEW YEARS: THE OLD FORT PRINCE OF WALES AT FORT CHURCHILL, SEA-TERMINUS OF THE NEW HUDSON BAY RAILWAY.

Besides criticising Gilbert's librettos and his mental make-up, Sir Arthur discusses the relative work of author and composer, and the abiding popularity of the operas. He describes how one day, just after parting with a young friend of modernist ideas, who "deplores the whole of English poetry," he encountered a long queue of undergraduates outside the theatre seeking tickets for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. "Ah, there," thought I, "after all, the last enchantment of the Victorian age has captured you, my lads, and holds you by the Achilles tendon. . . . It might also give me occasion to ask why some of you, and those not the least intelligent, haunt these operas, although in clever debate you think it not unseemly to deride Meredith for a mountebank, and Tennyson for a maiden aunt?"

On one phase of Gilbert's character there is an apparent discrepancy between Sir Arthur's view and that of Mrs. Beddington. Both agree that he had a vile temper and a bitter tongue, especially at rehearsals. Sir Arthur, alluding to Gilbert's frequent literary jests about torture and capital punishment, and his satires on aging women, declares: "The man was essentially cruel, and delighted in cruelty." Mrs. Beddington, on the other hand, includes in a list of Gilbert's chief antipathies—"Taking life in any form; he would not kill an insect, and the idea of the modern pheasant drive simply revolted him." Sympathy for animals, however, sometimes co-exists with unkindness to human beings, and I rather feel that Sir Arthur has made out a strong case for the prosecution.

The lure of reminiscence has led me to ramble on almost to the limits of my space, but before concluding I want to say a few words about a little volume relating, not to literary criticism, but to another intellectual pursuit that is far more popular nowadays—that of collecting. As an embodiment of the phrase *multum in parvo* I have seen nothing to beat a little book called "VALUES OF ANTIQUES." The Values of Old English Silver, Sheffield Plate, Pewter, China, Furniture, Clocks, etc. From the Fifteenth Century. Illustrated (J. W. Caldicott, Bath; 12s. 6d.).

This compact little work (a second and extended edition), with its 500 illustrations, 10,000 records of sale values, and some 5000 addresses of dealers at home and abroad, is obviously indispensable to everyone concerned with the care, disposal, or acquisition of antiques of the types enumerated. "This work (writes Mr. Caldicott) is the outcome of over thirty years' study, during which the author has attended upwards of 10,000 auction sales in all parts of the United Kingdom. . . . The author's travels have covered over a million miles in search of antiques." Which things being so, it would indeed be surprising if he did not know his subject. The point is, however, that he has printed his knowledge in such a compendious form, C. E. B.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WINTER SPORT: "THIRD PARTY" RISKS!

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HUMOURS OF WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND: A LEAF FROM OUR WHIMSICAL ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

For several seasons now Mr. Reginald Cleaver has illustrated for us the lighter side of winter sport in the Alps by means of his inimitable sketches. He is an adept at hitting off amusing types of character and ludicrous *contretemps*. Here, once again, he shows his skill in this entertaining form of art, and his theme on

this occasion has a topical quality in view of the fact that "third party" risks are at present so much under discussion in connection with the new Bill for the regulation of road traffic. On the ski-ing grounds, it will be seen, such risks offer great variety, as well as a comic element unknown to motorists.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

THE THAMES AND THE ADRIATIC: A NEW BOOK ON CANALETTO.*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

SOME years ago Mrs. Finberg unearthed several extremely interesting contemporary references to Canaletto during his stay in England, and published them in the journal of the Walpole Society.



"OLD LONDON BRIDGE": A PEN DRAWING, WITH WASH, BY CANALETTO, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Here is one, from the diary of the engraver George Vertue—a newspaper cutting, dated July 26, 1749—

SIGNOR CANALETTO

hereby invites any Gentleman that will be pleased to come to his House, to see a Picture done by him, being A View of St. James Park, which he hopes may in some measure deserve their Approbation. The said View may be seen from Nine in the Morning till Three in the Afternoon, and from Four till Seven in the Evening, for the space of fifteen Days from the Publication of this Advertisement. He lodges at Mr. Richard Wiggan's, Cabinet Maker, in Silver Street, Golden Square.

There is something very charming about this simple announcement. The painter was already famous, and by no means badly off by the standards of the time, and he had come to England from Venice with any number of introductions. Yet he does not bleat about art in print, or invite people round to the studio for a dance—nor does he try any of the tricks to achieve publicity which are still with us, in spite of Sheridan's satire. No; like any other business man with something good to sell, he pays for an advertisement in the paper, and waits for customers.

Here is a second note by Vertue—

It's said he has already made himself easy in his fortune, and likewise that he had brought most part to put into the Stocks here for better Security, or better interest than abroad.

We know extraordinarily little about the personality of Canaletto, and, by an odd chance, that inveterate gossip, Horace Walpole, dismisses him in a line or two, and that not flattering. Apparently Walpole disliked Joseph Smith, Consul at Venice, and Canaletto's friend and patron—Walpole calls him "The Merchant of Venice," which is neat but unkind—and his feeling for Smith was allowed to warp his judgment of the artist. The English have always appreciated Canaletto—so much so that he can be studied in this country to-day far better than elsewhere in Europe, and this is true of both his paintings and drawings, and of his views of Venice as well as his English scenes.

The growing interest in drawings, as distinct from more finished work in oils, has been a feature of the art market for many years past, and this handsome volume* by a distinguished German scholar, Baron

von Hadeln, is a worthy addition to his other published studies on the drawings of Tiepolo and of Venetian drawings of the Renaissance. The finest series of Canaletto drawings in the world is in the Library at Windsor. "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the wheat has fallen in Windsor and the chaff, mixed with a few grains of ripe corn, in other parts of Europe. England has got most, even apart from Windsor. The German collections follow, at a long distance,

the line, but almost the texture, of the original drawings.

There is one circumstance noted by the author in connection with Canaletto drawings which may be worth emphasising here. One is so used to thinking of all drawings as being preliminary studies for a more ambitious and lasting painting that it is easy to forget that, with this artist at least, the drawing sometimes post-dates the painting. "The usual course of enquiry is to seek out drawings which can be recognised as studies for pictures which are certain works of the master, and then, by critical comparison of style, to bring other drawings into line with such fundamental examples. In the special case of Canaletto it is not advisable to adopt this sound procedure, for the relation of our master's drawings to his pictures departs too frequently from the normal rule.

"Canaletto's production as a draughtsman was not exclusively, or even predominantly, subservient, in the way of preparation, to his activity as a painter, but it went on parallel to it as an independent mode of self-expression, claiming equal rank with his painting. . . . At least in one case it is certain that a drawing by Canaletto (Walton Bridge, in a private collection in Paris) is a reproduction by his own hand of one of his pictures."

The last eight plates in the volume are reproductions of drawings by Bernardo Bellotto, the artist's nephew. What says George Vertue of Bellotto?—

But in time getting some degree of merit, he being puff'd up disobliged his uncle who turned him adrift, but well imitating his uncle's manner of painting became reputed and the Name of Canaletti was indifferently used by both uncle and nephew.

This rather caustic note hardly does justice to the younger man. He was doubtless a conceited puppy, and unquestionably modelled himself upon his famous uncle—in fact, he copied the older man's drawings—but one is a pretty competent artist if, as happens sometimes in the case of Bellotto, authorities differ as to whether his work is not by Canaletto. He was Court painter at Dresden for eleven years from 1747, and died in 1780 as Court painter at Warsaw. His imitations of the greater man's work are of amazing competence, while his original drawings only just fall short of genius.

Fortified by a study of these admirable reproductions from Canaletto, lovers of art will visit the eighteenth-century rooms at the Italian Exhibition



"THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE THAMES AT HAMPTON COURT" (IN 1754): A PEN DRAWING, WITH WASH, BY CANALETTO, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"As Mrs. Finberg has ascertained, the drawing must have been produced in 1754, after the bridge had been opened on December 13, 1753, for it was already engraved in that year by James Hulett."

Illustrations both Reproduced from "The Drawings of Antonio Canal, called Canaletto." By Detlev, Baron von Hadeln. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Duckworth.

* "The Drawings of Antonio Canal, called Canaletto." By Detlev, Baron von Hadeln. Translated by Campbell Dodgson. With Seventy-Two Colotype Plates. (Duckworth; 3½ guineas.)

everyone, however Philistine, will welcome with enthusiasm are the superb colotype plates—seventy-two of them—which really do reproduce not only

with deepened interest. They can have no better opportunity of seeing at close quarters both drawings and pictures by this great Venetian.

AN ITALIAN ARTIST BEST STUDIED IN ENGLAND: CANALETTO DRAWINGS.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE DRAWINGS OF ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO." BY DETLEV, BARON VON HADELN. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. DUCKWORTH.



THE BRIDGE THAT INSPIRED WORDSWORTH'S FAMOUS SONNET: "WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SHORTLY BEFORE ITS COMPLETION":
A PEN DRAWING, WITH WASH, BY CANALETTO, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"A VIEW OF THE CITY THROUGH AN ARCH OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE": A PEN DRAWING, WITH WASH, BY CANALETTO, NOW IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY
AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

As noted by Mr. Frank Davis on the opposite page, in his review of Baron von Hadeln's book, from which the above drawings are reproduced, "Canaletto can be studied in this country to-day far better than elsewhere in Europe. . . . The finest series of Canaletto drawings in the world is in the Library at Windsor." Canaletto did not regard his drawings as subservient to his paintings, but as independent works of equal value. They are not to be taken, therefore, as preliminary studies for pictures. Sometimes a painting preceded a drawing of the same subject, e.g., that shown in our lower illustration, on which a note says: "Certainly nota design for the Duke of Northumberland's picture, as

Mrs. Finberg wrongly assumed. In the first place this drawing does not fall into the category of designs. Further, it is evident that the picture was produced before the drawing, for the former still shows the scaffolding under the arches of the bridge, whereas in the drawing the arches are free from scaffolding. Mrs. Finberg would like to suppose that Canaletto subsequently put scaffolding in for picturesque effect, but this is an extremely complicated assumption. . . . It is evident that our artist was present in London during the completion of the building." The present Westminster Bridge was opened in 1862. Wordsworth's well-known sonnet "Upon Westminster Bridge" was written in 1802.

FURNISHING DESIGNS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

"Period" furnishing now includes a definite George V. style. Modern art has ceased to be a synonym for crude colourings and wearying designs, but is represented by charming furniture and fabrics expressing brightness by the careful choice of colour and dignity by extreme simplicity of outline. On this page are shown several interesting examples of curtains and carpets in this new vogue, contrasted with beautiful fabrics which, though actually modern, are exact reproductions of Italian Renaissance and Jacobean designs. These have reigned supreme in the sphere of furnishing and decoration for centuries, and are still the perfect *décor* for oak and walnut-panelled rooms, or the luxurious white and gold of old Italian settings. In some cases, they are made by hand exactly as in the early days. The tapestry picture on the right, inspired by a fifteenth-century oak chest, is made entirely on a small hand-loom, as were many of the famous tapestries of the Middle Ages, yet it is accessible in price to everyone to-day.



A "St. George and the Dragon" tapestry, adapted from the design of a fifteenth-century oak chest: Made entirely on a small hand-loom, it is a triumph of the skilled workmanship of to-day at Liberty's.



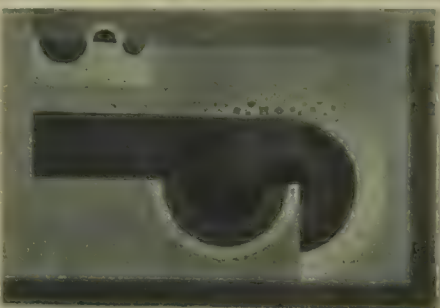
An Italian Renaissance design: A beautiful curtain fabric from Liberty's, Regent Street, W., in silk, artificial silk, and cotton, with a pattern of green and gold on faint stripes of black, blue, and mauve.



An interesting contrast with the design on the left: A characteristic fabric for curtains from the Modern Art department at Waring and Gillow's. The colourings are soft shades of orange and brown on a deep cream ground.



A beautiful old Sicilian embroidery-work curtain, perfectly reproduced: The design is embroidered with chenille in the manner of old needlework. It is a Liberty fabric.



"The Vortex": A hand-made modern rug in an amusing design in green, brown, and orange at Waring and Gillow's.



Designed by Paul Follot, a leader of modern art in Paris: A room with damask-covered walls, and a hand-woven rug in the latest style. The entire decorating and furnishing of the room has been carried out by the Modern Art department at Waring and Gillow's, Oxford Street, W.



The modern geometric ideal applied to a rug: A novel hand-made rug in a striking cubist design at Waring and Gillow's.



A Rodier curtain fabric and striking modern cushions: A characteristic group of original and effective suggestions from the Modern Art department at Waring and Gillow's.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

GOOD ROAD MANNERS MEAN SAFETY.—
THE NEW SINGER "SIX."

THE new Road Traffic Bill is being criticised and praised on all sides with a vehemence which shows how real is the desire of the great majority of the public for a form of legislation which will tend to reduce the formidable toll of daily accidents all over the country. Extremists' views are being as sedulously followed as those of the moderates and the public jesters, and every suggestion is fully weighed. Most people realise that the term "motorist" has ceased to be a definition of a class, and has about as much force as "trainist" would have. We all go by train and practically every one of us uses an automobile in one way or another. The Bill will affect the life of every subject.

What is Dangerous Driving?

Exactly what constitutes dangerous driving, and what reliance will be placed on the judgment of the police who bring this charge, are naturally the most important questions being asked. We all know dangerous driving when we see an example of it, but it is impossible, I should imagine, to set up a standard definition of it. Dangerous situations arise hourly in which it is not always possible for the spectator justly to apportion the blame. In a smash involving three cars, it is quite possible that each or none may have contributed to the accident, which may have been caused purely by circumstances against which nobody could have taken adequate precautions. On the other hand, it is unfortunately not uncommon to see a mix-up in which everyone concerned is in some degree to blame.

Good Manners are "Safety First."

There is one thing certain, whatever measures are taken to fix the responsibility on the proper people, and that is that the first rule of the road will remain the most effective. If everyone is persuaded to drive with courtesy, dangerous driving will cease to exist. So long as consideration for others, whether on foot or in another vehicle, is really studied by every user of the road, from the pedestrian to the driver of the three-ton lorry and the long-distance coach (with a strict time-table), there will be little for the Courts to do, whether they are the ordinary or the special which

are being suggested. Courtesy and consideration for others are the same thing as "Safety First."

Timely Hints by the "Order of the Road."

This reads more like a pious hope than a serious suggestion—which has been made many times before—but it is my belief that, in the end, safety on the highway will be achieved by inculcating decent manners into the ignorant and dull-witted, who are responsible for a great deal of dangerous driving, rather than by inflexible legislation. Much has been done and is being done in teaching manners to all road-users by the National Safety First Association, through the medium of their excellent booklets, and now the "Order of the Road" have compiled an admirable set of driving hints which they issue as New Year resolutions for the motorist. They are concise versions of every sensible rule. Those I like best are the following: Cultivate a spirit of toleration. Remember that nothing is more annoying to pedestrians than being hustled and bullied by a car passing on the near-side of a stationary tramcar when they are boarding and alighting. If you are in a hurry, remember the old adage: "More Haste, less Speed." Impatience blinds better judgment and leads to tremendous risks being taken. Don't drive on your brakes, it will lead to a serious accident in time. Use your head, and slow down gradually whenever possible.

The first and third are also among the wisest. Give clear signals in the approved manner, but remember that the responsibility lies with you not to give such signals nor to deviate from your course unless there is ample time for other road-users to observe and act upon those signals. The italics are mine. One of the road-users most in need of education is just that driver who flaps a languid hand out of his car as he begins to turn right or left, instead of a reasonable time beforehand. He is not giving a warning to following traffic, but conveying overdue information.

Dangerous Parking.

The third runs: Never stop your vehicle in a position where its presence constitutes a danger to other traffic. One might have thought that superfluous, but if you count the number of cars you see in a day's run left at corners where the way is narrow, on bridges, where buses stop, you will realise how many people have hardly the rudiments of common road-sense in them. The fact is that we are so inured to the idiotic and risky behaviour of novices

and incurables that we accept it as part of life's worry—a thoroughly national characteristic, which is deplorable. The rules and hints of the "Order of the Road" and the Safety First Association are invaluable, and the wider the publicity they get the more swiftly will the record of avoidable accidents decrease.

The New Singer "Six."

While it would perhaps be unfair to say that the principal attraction of the new Singer six-cylinder 16-h.p. saloon is its price, there is certainly a considerable "pull" in that startling figure of £275. I think I am right in saying that it is the cheapest six-cylinder of its type made in this country. It is not a miniature, but a medium-sized family car, with room for four grown people, turned out with Triplex glass, bumpers, chromium plating, and wire wheels—equipment which until now has been found only on cars of considerably higher price. It is an entirely new production, with a side-valved engine of 65 by 90 bore and stroke, having a capacity of 1792 c.c., taxed at £16, and, if it enjoys the success it deserves, the forerunner of yet another popular type of cheap family car—perhaps the successor of the 11.9-h.p. four-cylinder.

Good Top-Speed Work.

As a matter of fact, its principal attraction is its remarkable flexibility on top gear. The ratio is 5.2 to 1, which is not unduly low, and it will pick up from a crawl in traffic and get going in a surprisingly short space of time. Second gear is nearly 10 to 1, which is a considerable drop, but the engine holds on so pluckily that the absence of an intermediate gear is seldom felt. The change is central, and the lever is within comfortable reach of the driver's hand. The single-plate clutch gives easy changing, and is particularly light to operate. I liked the steering, which is unusually steady at the higher speeds, and allows easy cornering at a crawl. The suspension is excellent, being supplemented by the Newton hydraulic shock-absorbers, of which I had very satisfactory experience on a car of my own some years ago. The car rides very steadily, without any tendency to rolling, and really rough surfaces can be taken at respectable speeds. Comfort for the passengers is a big feature. The car I tried was very new, and the engine vibrated a certain amount at one or two periods, but, if this car is like its predecessors, the chances are that after a few thousand miles it will settle down. At £275 criticism must be tempered. A really interesting new production.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXIV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

"I SHOULD love to live in a barge," is a remark I often hear. Those who make it are of all ages, and come from amongst that vast army of persons that love the water but never feel comfortable at sea. Their desire indicates one for peacefulness on canal or river, and in few ways can it be better gratified. Life on board a barge means living in the midst of civilisation, yet insulated from it whenever desired.

No type of vessel offers better accommodation than a barge, and no other craft can be worked with fewer hands. What can be more peaceful than to spend one's leisure slowly wandering along water highways that are never rough, and that connect most of the great cities of this country and also those on the Continent? It is true that our British canals are not in every case all that they should be, but as barge-yachts exist that are able to cross to Ireland or the Continent, there are many alternative waterways to explore.

As the number of those who want barge-yachts or barge motor-cruisers appears to be on the increase, and the supply of boats of this sort is not great in this country, other than those of the Dutch type, I have made enquiries as to where suitable British craft can be obtained, and also their cost.

Providing expensive fittings are not required, a barge-yacht built of wood and fitted with a small auxiliary engine can be built for approximately half the cost of a motor-cruiser of the same size. This is a definite quotation that I have obtained. Such a vessel would be suitable for coastal cruising as well as for inland waters, but would not be as fast as a motor-cruiser. It requires long experience to design and build wooden barges successfully, so it is not wise to ask, say, a firm to build one that specialises only in racing or high-class cruising yachts. There are several firms that build both commercial barges and

yachts, and any enquiries are best confined to them, for they are better qualified in matters connected with yachts' accommodation and fittings. The cabin space that can be obtained in a well-designed Thames barge-yacht is truly wonderful. By reason of her shape practically the whole length is available for cabins of the full beam and head-room. They are slow, of course, like all barges, but they last for ages.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A BARGE-YACHT.

The above is a good example of a barge-yacht that measures 42 ft. on the water line and 48 ft. over all, with 12½ ft. beam and 3 ft. draught. One man can handle the mainsail, for it is never hauled up or down, but clewed up by the four brails shown.

By kind Permission of Mr. R. A. Nicholson, 68, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Commercial barges 125 years old are still at work. There appear to be more Dutch barge-yachts in this country than those of the British type. This is because the Dutchmen have been more enterprising, for their vessels are certainly no better sea-boats than the English sea-going types, neither are they cheaper. It is true they have very good accommodation, but a Thames barge can offer better. Providing the usual

barge rig of commerce is adhered to, a moderate-sized barge-yacht requires only a helmsman and one other hand to sail her, whilst under power alone a small one can be handled by the owner only, except in locks and crowded waters.

A large engine is not required, for the under-water lines of these vessels are not adapted to speed, so it is uneconomical to attempt to drive them fast under power. As a rough guide, six to seven knots is the best speed to aim at under power, and this requires only a small engine, even in a large boat. To increase the speed beyond this, the horse-power must be practically doubled in order to obtain an additional knot. This applies to the typical Thames type, and not to specially built yachts of the barge type, which seldom excel the former as regards performance or comfort.

Many commercial barges are built of steel, and barge-yachts have followed suit recently. The practice has its advantages, but, on the other hand, metal hulls require more care than those built of wood if they are to last as long, and in warm weather they are liable to become very hot internally. For pleasure purposes the wooden barge remains hard to beat, for, if well designed, with a double planked bottom and plenty of tar inserted between the skins, it is almost rot-proof, and requires practically no attention except an annual clean outside. There is no necessity in these days of auxiliary engines to fit sails, but it is advisable should coastal cruising be contemplated. If sails are not fitted the price of a barge-yacht will, of course, be reduced accordingly.

Of the various boats I have seen, the 40-ft. auxiliary motor-cruiser barge (cumbersome title) attracts me most, so I intend to publish shortly the details of one that can be bought new for about £700. At this figure it should appeal to many to whom first cost is a consideration. It has been designed by a firm with long experience of barge-building, so is therefore hall-marked.

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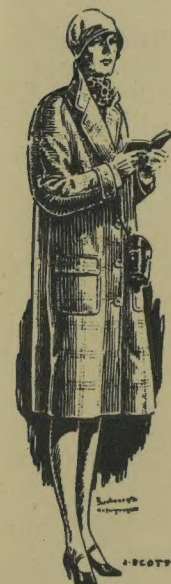
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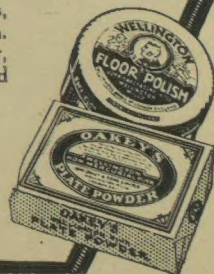
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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 54.)

Henry Ainley in "The First Mrs. Fraser": indelible creations, one and all.

Apart from the above record of the drama, two features of the year should be duly chronicled. First, the rehabilitation of the pantomime. Next—at any rate in London—the increasing popularity of the variety entertainment, although one of the oldest houses, the Alhambra, has been absorbed by the cinema. The pantomime has made a triumphant re-entry at Drury Lane. A capital entertainment; a glorious show and plenty of fun with—an innovation—a tabloid harlequinade interwoven in the fairy-tale of the Sleeping Beauty. This is certainly an improvement, for in the old days the harlequinade had become the lame duck fluttering while most people were getting ready to go home. At the Lyceum, too, the pantomime had a rousing welcome. The tale of "Puss in Boots" is well retold, especially from the children's point of view, and mounted in the good old traditional way with charming pageantry and a plethora of rough-and-tumble. It is essentially a show for the little ones, who turn up in their hundreds and fill the air with their laughter and their cries of joy, especially when the comedians mercilessly play ducks and drakes with a china-shop, and the breaking of crockery leaves the traditional bull far behind, bashful and ashamed.

In the music-hall we observe, above all, two peculiar drifts: the perfection of acrobatics and the increase of dancing in all its forms, especially by "troupes" of girls whose team-work is remarkable for its symmetry, unison, and grace. On the other hand, there is a certain dearth of comedians and a distinct decline in the sketches. I cannot, after many visits to the Halls, recall a single variety sketch which was remarkable for wit and inventiveness, and, generally, it would seem that there is no use for any one-act play of a dramatic nature. Yet the one exception, Barrie's "Half an Hour," at the Coliseum, was a great success, and indicated that the public is more accessible to work of merit than to the "rubbish" which merely depends on a name and the Trojan labour of the stars. It would be a good thing if some enterprising manager were to pay attention to the dramatic side of the programmes. All too often "variety" means a surfeit of acrobatics, of clowning

of every description, and of superfluous efforts of jazz-orchestras whose stridency and antics may enliven the dance-room, but are intrusions in the music-halls equipped with excellent bands of their own.

A MICROSCOPIC CREATURE ONCE CREDITED WITH A WHEEL.

(Continued from Page 60.)

of the body. They also have paired 'kidneys' and a simple muscular system. In short, they are remarkably complex creatures for their small size, and are in sharp contrast to the single-celled protozoa. Thirty-one species of rotifers are shown in the group. One of the largest may be seen crawling up a *Spirogyra* filament. This is *Notommata copeus*. It has a pair of 'ear-lappets' extending on either side of its head. These are covered with moving cilia, the rhythmic vibrations of which propel the animal through the water. On a spray of the bladderwort, an insect larva (that of the harlequin fly, *Chironomus plumosus*) has just been caught by a utricle, and is struggling to escape. The more it struggles, the farther in it goes, for the utricle is lined with glandular hairs pointing inward. There is a trap-door on the lower free corner of the bladder, from the edge of which project long, branched spines. Rotifers delight to browse among these spines, for small forms of life often adhere to them. As soon as the creature touches a flexible edge (of the trap), it suddenly gives way and the unhappy explorer drops through the crevice, which immediately closes.

"Perhaps the most beautiful of the rotifers are the flower-like stationary species. A good example is the tube-building rotifer, *Floscularia ringens*. The ciliary wreath of this fairy-like creature extends its petal-shaped lobes, causing it somewhat to resemble a pansy. This animal builds a trumpet-shaped chimney to dwell in of tiny spherical bricks of brown mucus, secreted from glands of its body. It spins them into balls one at a time, by means of a hairy spinning-projection upon its shoulder, and then, with a bob of its head, adds them to the upper rim of the chimney, which thus grows higher and higher. Near the branching chimneys of *Floscularia* are magnificent clusters of two other stationary species. One of these, *Stephanoceros*

fimbriatus, has built a double chimney of transparent gelatinous material, and shows one individual retired into its house, while the other extends its graceful head with five curving, fern-like arms out into the water. Fairy-like as this creature may appear, it is a most insatiable animal-trap, for its arms form a net to entangle swimming rotifers or protozoa. These settle down into a funnel-shaped vestibule from the bottom of which a hollow whip extends into a second chamber below. When the victims in the funnel touch the base of the whip, they are suddenly snapped through its hollow lash into the second room. Here they are torn to pieces by toothed pincers and conveyed to the stomach. So the fairy, after all, is a most voracious Gorgon!"


"THE LAST HOME OF MYSTERY."—(Contd. from p. 42.)

number of mutually exclusive aggregates" including those "Untouchables" who are euphemistically called the Depressed Classes; the India in which the riches of Croesus are dulled by the poverty of the crumbless Lazarus; the India that is feudal, mediæval, not of the twentieth century, nor of centuries before that, a gilded glory of the East which the West would venerate with its own virtues and fails when it seeks to cover both the shoddy and the fine.

Colonel Powell quotes Mr. Ramsay MacDonald: "A shrewd observer, who will make numerous mistakes in describing details, will understand the general tendency of the sum-total of Indian life more accurately than one who has lived so long in the country that he has ceased to see it except as a moving mass of detail." Few will subscribe whole-heartedly to such a generalisation; but, at least, Colonel Powell has done his best to prove its accuracy. How far he has succeeded each individual must decide for himself; but the shrewdness of observation will not be denied; and the skill in telling the story of "foot-loose and free" travels will attract the man-in-the-street reader, whether it convinces the expert or annoys him.

E. H. G.

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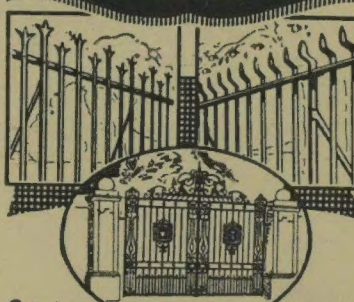
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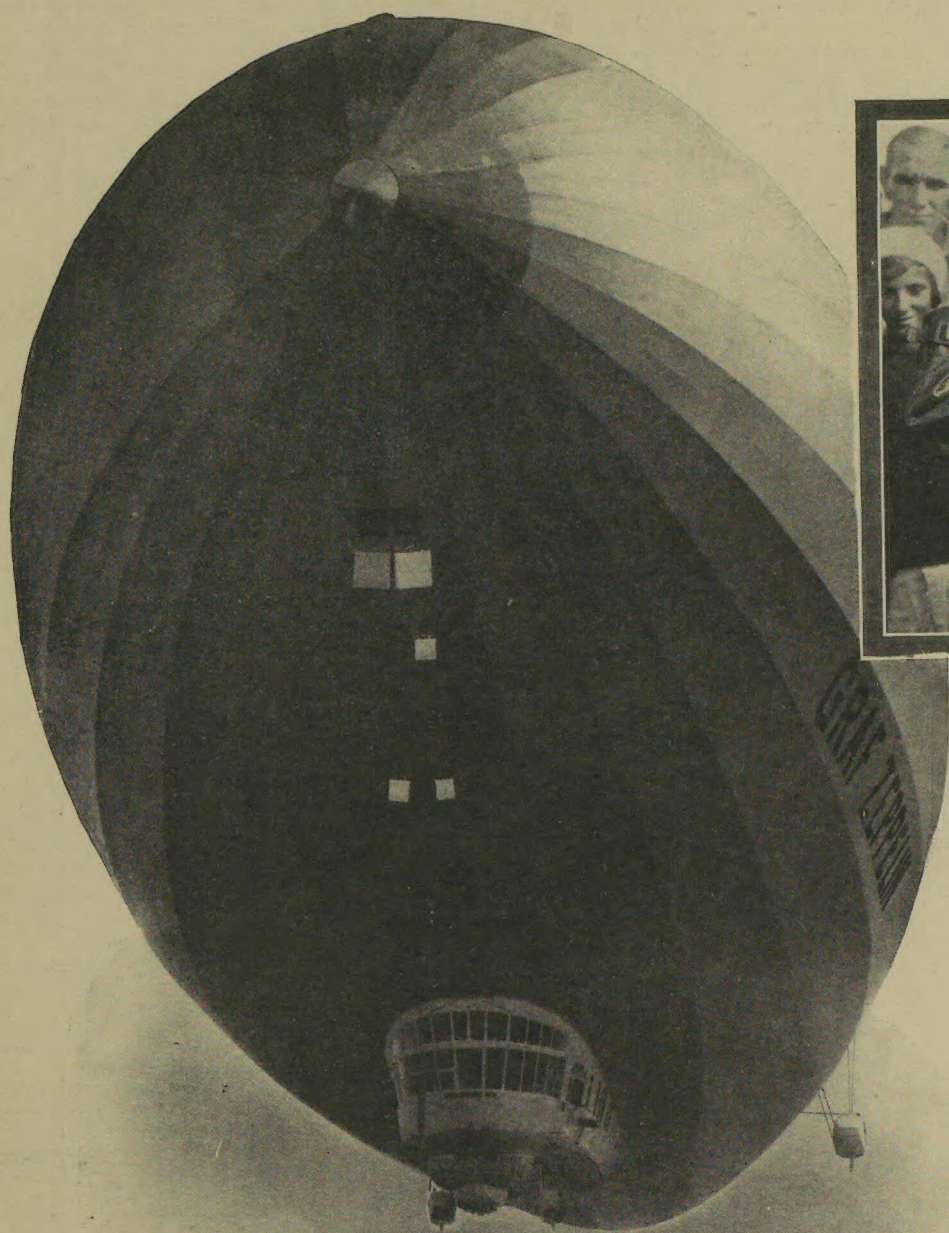
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